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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

"Who does not see that the evil of Abolitionism is increasing upon us? Look at the case of Ludlam, at New Bedford, upon which we have much to say, as soon as we can spare the space for the purpose. Look at the conduct of New-York towards Virginia. Look at the extreme difficulty of recovering our property in the face of the fanatics. Look at the 20,000 who are said to have escaped to Canada, and whom the British are now persuading to migrate to Jamaica, to swell, perhaps, the black Regiments.—Look at the accounts just received from the New Orleans prints of July 2d,—of the extensive plot formed on the Mississippi river, from West Feliciana up to Natchez. It was first detected by a vigilant overseer on the plantation of R. J. Barrow, in West Feliciana, and immediately repressed by the energy of the citizens. It was to break out on the 1st of August. Some 40 or 50 have been arrested, supposed to be the ringleaders. White men are suspected of hatching the plot, and one is already in prison. It is suspected that funds are contributed for Southern Agents, by the 18,000 enrolled Abolitionists of Ohio, whose principal Quarters is Oberlin, in that State. Under such circumstances, it is worse than idle to say that the fanaticism is burning out, and that it will not be increased by a continued, irritating, public discussion in the House of Representatives. We conjure Mr. Botts and his ally of the Richmond Whig, before it be too late, to retrace their steps, and sin no more against the South on this most delicate and important question. There is a writer in the Norfolk Beacon who has sounded the tocsin on Ludlam's case. The Editor of the Beacon truly pronounces him "one of the ablest constitutional lawyers, and profoundest writers on government, &c., that is to be found in our State and country." We know him, and highly estimate his abilities. He is a State Rights Whig, and he too deeply regrets the course of the Richmond Whig, and calls upon its Editor to "come out at once, either for or against us, and take such position as will enable us to see clearly where he is." But why appeal to the Richmond Whig for the exercise of any fixed principles or any liberal feelings? It seems to be governed by a Clique, that we fear will cause it to turn an adder's ear to all remonstrances. When we resume Mr. Ludlam's case, we shall make it a point to republish the three Nos. of A, B, C, of which two only have yet appeared. And then, we hope, we shall be able to lay up the subject till the winter."

The following is from the same paper.

NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—"Mr. Webster's hand is seen in Mr. Everett's appointment. We have some doubts whether, in some important questions affecting the South *he* will be found the best appointment for the South.

We look to the Senate of the United States to make a manly stand against this nomination. They have a most solemn and responsible duty to perform. Mr. Everett, however high and respectable he may be in other respects, stands fully and publicly committed in favor of the immediate abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, against the slave trade between the States, and against the admission of any slave State into the Union. What can we think of such a man being appointed our Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to England, whilst a crusade is proceeding in that country against our Domestic Institutions—and whilst certain delicate slave questions still remain unadjusted with Great Britain? The case of the Comet and the Elizabeth, in the British West Indies, still remains open.—Should another World's Abolition Convention be held in London, who will guarantee that the resident Minister will not co-operate with it, perhaps take his seat at the feet of Prince Albert.

The *Saco Democrat* also protests against his appointment, in relation to the Boundary Question. It charges him with gross indifference and cold-blooded neglect, whilst he was Governor of Massachusetts, towards the rights of Maine—and in her name protests against his appointment."

The Globe thus remarks upon the above extract from the Enquirer:

"Mr. Ritchie is right. Mr Everett's appointment is the very *worst* for the South. This is Mr. Webster's *second* great blunder. Mr. Everett, who is an ex-Unitarian parson, what the French call *un pretre defroque*, (an unfrocked priest,) was for some time a member of the House of Representatives, and, for his pretentions, a very insignificant one. He there evinced no faculties of statesmanship. He had, however, one merit. He acted invariably with the South on the abolition question. He proved himself devoted to the rights and interests of the whole Union. But alas, for the frailty of human nature! When opposed by Judge Morton, in the election for Governor of Massachusetts, he meanly recanted his former sentiments, and, in a published letter, declared himself an out and out abolitionist. No one believed that he was a sincere convert, but all regarded this change as one of selfish calculation. He was defeated, nevertheless, by a single vote. He experienced the deepest of all human mortifications; the consciousness of having disgraced himself in vain. We submit, therefore, that Mr. Everett is the last man to be sent to the Court of St. James. He may preach there as he did before, in the Old Jewry, but he is not fit to be the representative of the United States,—especially at this time.

"A political revolution has just taken place in England. The Tories have regained power. They have succeeded by an alliance with the Abolitionists on the West India question. This turned the scale in their favor. The new Minister for the colonies will doubtless be Lord Stanley, by whose exertions mainly West India emancipation was carried.—These circumstances give a graver aspect to our relation with England. Most of the questions under discussion are connected with that of slavery; for example' the illegal search of our vessels on the coast of Africa; the liberation of our slaves cast upon the Bermuda coasts; the congregation of black troops in the West Indies; the British designs and intrigues upon Cuba, &c. &c. Is it proper, is it fair to the South, to send an avowed Abolitionist, and one, too, who is so, by *recanting*, which John Randolph, used to say was the worst sort of *canting*, to settle these great and delicate questions? This is a great blunder. Mr. Webster has, doubtless, great talent; but he lacks what is more important, in public as well as private conduct, we mean *common sense*.."

WHITE WOMEN EXCHANGED FOR NEGRO SLAVES!

"Thus doth even handed justice commend the poisoned chalice to our own lips."

The Caraccas Gazette contains the following:

"*Traffic in White Slaves.*—The depravity of slave traders is every day causing greater horrors. It is now two years since they have been commiting a new sort of a crime. They seduce young women at New-York, to whom they hold out the most brilliant prospects in order to induce them to embark for Havana, when they are taken to the coast of Africa, and there sold to the chief who will give the greatest number of slaves for them. One alone has been known to sell for a full cargo."

The Havana correspondent of the London Anti-Slavery Reporter, writes thus:

"I have just been informed, on the most undoubted authority, that the captain of the brig Bolador has taken with him to the coast of Africa, a very handsome young American woman, (who was seen on board at the time of his sailing, and previously thereto, by many persons resident in this city,) whom he intends to offer, instead of money, in exchange for slaves. It is said that the same thing has been done before, by others, and that from fifty to 500 Africans are readily given for a white woman, whose worth is determined by her youth and beauty. In behalf of humanity, I would be happy if I could, conscientiously, declare that I doubt the truth of this assertion, but so great is the degree of depravity to which the habitual committal of crime has reduced the slave trader, that I believe deeds equally revolting to human nature, are of frequent occurrence with them. In the case of the young woman on board the Bolador, the only thing doubtful, is, whether this poor creature, thus condemned to a life of infamy and slavery, was a consenting party to her own misery."

The Standard.

[Reported for the Standard.]

THE BRITISH WEST-INDIES.

REMARKS OF ELLIS GRAY LORING,

At the Meeting in Commemmoration of West-India Emancipation, at Marlborough Chapel, Boston, August 1st, 1841.

I had not intended, Mr. President, to add a word to the statements of my friend Garrison, in proof of this proposition; [the economical advantages of abolition in the West-Indies,] but a few facts occur to me, illustrating the actual working of British Emancipation, to which, as, they have not been published, I will briefly allude. There is nothing more embarrassing to an inquirer, than to be met with contradictory statements; and the facts that help us to see the *causes* of the discrepency in our information, are the ones most useful in pursuing the inquiry.

But let me, first, call your attention to the character of the terrors which shook the alarmists, while the British struggle for Emancipation was drawing to its close. It was not a failure in the crops, that they anticipated; it was not a diminution of the exports; but the awful bloodshed and conflagration consequent on letting loose 800,000 slaves at the throats of their masters. The day of Emancipation came and passed, and all was peaceful and orderly. Sir, even after this, abolitionists were met with continual predictions of anarchy and massacre. Notwithstanding the temporary quiet, the time, they were told, *was coming*. It was the negro character to lay plans of vengeance in secret, and to execute them when least apprehension existed. Now that time has shown the falsity of these predictions, they who made them have passed from one point to another. The massacre and butchery are given up; and a failure in the productions, and a demand for exorbitant wages are all that is now apprehended.—"They won't work" it is said, "for just wages, and we shall not get rich so fast." Sir, for one, I am thankful if they will not work for such wages as a man grown old in slaveholding will be apt to think just.

But, much as the opponents of Emancipation have yielded of the horrors of their predictions and reports, there is still a great discrepancy in the accounts which we receive of the working of that experiment. I have taken pains to ascertain the channels, through which, from time to time, we receive these accounts of the sad state of the islands, and I find they come to us from those who own the twelve hundred millions of slave property. They come to us principally from New-Orleans. They come through masters of vessels, who report there, every rumor of an inflammable character that they heard in the West-Indies. Such rumors are gladly caught up there, and every word manufactured and distorted, till they reach the newspapers; and as the news of the failure of the gift of freedom, go through the country, the eyes of our free republic seem to brighten over them. These accounts, you will observe, are confined to Jamaica. It is always in that island, that the productions are said to be falling off, and the planters are in such danger of being ruined.—Now, there are certain facts to be taken into consideration with regard to Jamaica. Mr. Turnbull, now British Consul at Havana, who had travelled much in the British West-Indies; a man of the coolest judgment, of unquestioned integrity and of acute observation, came to the conclusion that Emancipation had nothing to do with certain facts that are always made the most of in the slaveholder's "news from Jamaica." It is among the oldest of the British colonial possessions, and its soil is inferior to that of the rest. Mr. Turnbull told me that if Emancipation had not taken place, many plantations in the interior, having scarce any, or the worst, roads to a market, and ruined by bad husbandry, must by this time have dropped out of cultivation.—So we see it is at the South, for the same reasons.—Plantations in the older southern States have become worn out by a long course of slave labor, and are now dropping out of cultivation. He said further that Demarara, from the greater fertility of her virgin soils, could better afford to pay the laborer a dollar per day than the island of Jamaica, two shillings. It is easy to see then, that Jamaica must have decreased in productions, from causes quite independent of Emancipation.

Persons are liable to be misled by a comparison of one possession with another, at different times in the history of each. But take the *same* island, and compare its condition since, with its condition before Emancipation, and you will see without difficulty, that the effects of the measure have been beneficial in every instance.

Mr. Edward Carbery, a planter of Demarara, a gentleman of high intelligence and respectability, and not an abolitionist, informed me that *since* Emancipation, he had given £20,000 for an estate which had been sold not long *previously* for £8000. Mr. Thomas Searle, of the London banking-house of George Wildes & Co. informs me that, previous to Emancipation their mortgages on West-India property were considered desperate; but that since Emancipation, they had become available, and were reckoned among their assets that were good.

But to proceed to general principles. The point I wish to establish is, not merely that Emancipation has been good for Great Britain, but that it will always be good, every where:—that the *fact* of West-Indian Emancipation is full of encouragement and instruction for American abolitionists. Here let me say to as many of the audience as are abolitionists, that it is not so much to them that I address myself now, for they all understand this matter as well, at least, as I. But if there are others in the house, I should be glad to give them my views. I know what labors in kind and candid minds, when they undertake the examination of this subject.—Though some may be here, merely to carp and find fault, yet I doubt not there are those present who look at the matter impartially, and who would rejoice to see that Emancipation could be effected by America as well as by Great Britain. "I admit," I will suppose them to say, "that Emancipation has, on the whole, been productive of great good in the West-India Islands, but you have not the same means to effect it, that they had in England. They could bring the whole power of the nation to bear upon it,—it was but a small evil, and at a great distance, and entirely in the hands of the Imperial Parliament, to finish it when they would. But *you* can't do it. You stand in Massachusetts; and there is no slavery under her control. It is fanaticism for you to imagine you can act upon the South." Sir, a few years ago, and it was deemed wild and visionary, in England to think of abolishing the African Slave-trade, then one of her most important branches of Commerce. "It is madness," said General Gascoigne, in Parliament, "to think of touching a trade, which has, in a short time, raised Liverpool from 2000 to 95,000 inhabitants." At a later period within our recollection, similar language was held about the abolition of slavery in the West-Indies.—None but enthusiasts it was said, had undertaken the work. There was just as much prejudice—just as much self-interest—just as much apathy to contend with as here. How did they effect their purpose? It was by the efficacy of discussion. It was by dint of *talking* about it. "What!" replies the doubter!—"Nothing but talking? What good is done by that?" I am tempted to retort that nothing truly good is ever done in any other way; at least, in matters of social reform. Let those who ask the question watch the effect of talking about any thing, upon the public mind. They will see it yielding beneath the repetition of a word. "Let me make a Nation's Songs," was once said, "and I care not who makes her laws." He was a wise man who said that, and his saying touches the root of the matter. Laws are only the exponents of the feelings and convictions of a people: and these are never changed but by persevering discussion; whether by song or sermon, the process is the same.

"But the slaves are in other States, over which neither your State governents nor your general government can legislate." Which then, is the more powerful, the legislation of the government, or the legislation of public sentiment? The latter is omnipotent. It scorns Georgia lines and Virginia boundaries. Why, sir, the action of our Legislature—the decisions of our courts—the voice of our people tell upon every State in the Union. What is said and done here is said and done for the world.—Public sentiment flies from Continent to Continent; and shall it turn back from Mason and Dixon's line? But, according to our greatest statesmen, we *can* legislate beyond our own boundaries. We can legislate in the District of Columbia, and in all our broad territories not yet erected into States. We have a right, too, to stop the slave trade between the States: and every one knows that if slavery were not sustained in Virginia by this traffic with New-Orleans, it could not stand in that State a year.

But, sir, I don't think much of legislation to effect our object. Suppose we had procured its action already: the deed might be sullied with rioting and blood, as it was attempted to be carried into effect.—The "Bright consummate flower" of Emancipation is no forced blossom from an unwilling stock. Our aim should be to win the people's hearts. But where shall shall we begin? where will they be most likely to be first reformed? In the free States, sir.—We don't go to the haunt of licentiousness to teach purity, or to the tavern to proclaim temperance.—No; we go first to the most pure hearted, and clear headed, and sound minded; and in the process of imparting to them our principles, where there is no self-interest or self-indulgence to thwart our desires, we also arouse those who stand next to them in the ranks of conduct. With their aid the reform goes on through the ranks, till at length it reaches the intemperate and impure, whom in the first instance it would have been hopeless to address. And so, in the present case, we must seek first to rectify and invigorate the religious sentiment of the community at the North. The churches might abolish slavery in three years, if they did their duty. If the 100,000 slaveholders who annually visit the North, found themselves kindly but firmly dealt with here, and read how mean and despicable their course of life was considered, in every face they met, how long would they continue it? We must address ourselves to those who have the least interest in the continuance of the system; and who supposes that the North can be converted and the South remain unchanged? Already an influence emanates from New-England which powerfully agitates the slaveholders. This makes many men around us uneasy, and causes them to reproach us as the occasion of it. "If you were in the right," they say to us, "there would not be this irritation against you." Sir, I must here say that, beyond a doubt, the tendency of simple, naked truth is to irritate men; but not for that shall I close my mouth. If, in giving utterance, I mingle with it any harshness foreign to its nature, so much the worse for me;—so much more unfortunate for the truth. But I believe the whole, unmitigated truth must be displayed, though men's feeble ble optics may, at first, shrink from the blaze, and, in their blindness, they visit upon us the salutary pain it makes them feel. I trust there will be found among us those who know this to be the true philosophy of reform, and knowing it, are ready to utter the truth at every risk; men who will desist neither for losses, nor lynchings, nor whippings, nor grudge even the sacrifice of their very lives.—May we all have more of this spirit. I don't claim that we all have it: but there are a few such rare and constant souls among us, whom we all have virtue enough to admire, though we may not always have strength enough to to imitate.

There are three ways of influencing public sentiment on slavery. One is to enlighten the *self-interest* of men;—to appeal to their pockets. I know this mode to be very distasteful to some of my associates, yet none of them will dispute that righteousness hath the promise also of the world that now is. I would never, even in argument, subordinate conscience to interest—I would ever most sedulously make the former paramount. Nevertheless, I would take pains to let men see that it is no less a part of God's truth, and according to the order of His providence, that a community will not be the poorer for righteousness, than it is that it is the duty of a community to be righteous. In England they pointed the planter to his exhausted fields, his diminished gang, his increased expenses, his shortened crops, his property passing rapidly into the hands of the overseer, the attorney and the mortgagee, under the system to which he clung: and we must do the same in America. I would say to the Virginia planter, are you aware (to quote the words of Mr. Harrison, an eminent citizen of that State,—himself a slaveholder and a Colonizationist,) that "the agricultural products of the State of Virginia, at present, do not exceed in value the *exports* eighty or ninety years ago, when it contained not a sixth of the population, and when not a third of the surface of the State, (at present Virginia) was at all occupied?" I would say to the South, are you aware that the West-Indian properties are rising in value, while your own are falling? Are you sensible that your system is continually drawing your best sons from their native soil? I would say to the Kentuckyan, are you aware that while Heaven has showered every blessing on your soil, you are to lose four representatives in the next Congress by your system of labor, while Ohio, by hers, is to gain 8 or 10?—The man that sails down the Ohio River can see from the deck of the steamboat, that the slave State on his left, is sinking, while the free State on his right, is rising. Are you aware, I would ask the North, that slavery prevents the laboring part of your population from taking the high position that is rightfully theirs, according to our political institutions? that its tendency is to make labor dishonorable? and what could be worse for the North than that? What is it that covers Massachusetts with wealth and prosperity, and clothes her fields with beauty, while Virginia is smitten with sterility, and Mississippi laboring under a load of insolvency? Why, free labor! Here every man labors with a good heart. There is no spot on earth where so much work is willingly done and repaid by so much general comfort, as in Massachusetts. Mr. Preston wondered what our prosperity could be owing to, when all our natural productions were ice and rocks. Men may try to account for it in a hundred other ways. The true reason is, *our* labor is *free!* It ought to be our policy to make it honorable. Again, sir, slavery is not only a losing concern, considered as a mere business operation:—it is fraught with danger. It is dangerous to the morals of the rising generation, and therefore to the future existence of the republic. There is danger of insurrection at home and of invasion from abroad. You will have seen doubtless, an article on slavery in Fraser's Magazine,—with the significant title, "A war with America a blessing to the world." Let us speak to the South of her danger. Situated as she now is, she should take warning betimes when she hears of great additions to the black regiments in the West-Indies. She should consider betimes, that 5000 black troops landing in SouthCarolina, with Liberty inscribed on their standard, would abolish slavery in one week.

I must pass rapidly on. Our British friends appealed constantly, during their struggle, to a sense of *National character*;—to patriotic pride;—and every heart could not but feel that the name of Briton, was dishonored by the continuance of slavery; and that a country whose boast it was that a slave could not breathe her air, should no longer exhibit the inconsistency of chaining him in her colonies.—Now, to our disgrace it must be spoken, *we* have made a bargain, *not* to give succor to the fugitive.—We stand pledged to shoulder our muskets, and force down the terrible yoke of the South upon her suffering people. If the slaves at the South should rise in insurrection, and assert their inalienable rights, there is not a man in this room who is not liable to be drafted in the militia, and marched off to cram the truths of the Declaration of Independence, down their throats with the bayonet. It seems to me that a correlative action is required of us. It seems to me that if I am sworn to the same service, and likely to be blown up by the same explosion, I may at least use the poor privilege of remonstrance, on order, if it be possible, to avert the danger that menaces all in common. I was, however, speaking of the representation of our country; and this is deeply involved.—A British traveller, two days since, told me that he saw in the slave-market at New Orleans, the beautiful model of the Bunker-Hill Monument that was sent there last summer, placed just over the head of the the auctioneer, and the United States' flag floating over the whole! while women were being sold under its folds. But we need not go to New-Orleans to see these mortifying sights. In the capital of our country they daily offend the eye. And there we have a right to act. Mr. Clay objects to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, for he says the District was ceded to the government for national purposes, only. I agree with him sir; the District *was* given for national purposes, and *therefore* slavery should not exist in it. (Applause, checked by request of the proprietors of the house.)

But it is not to the pride of national character I would alone appeal. We ought to address ourselves to the sense of *individual honor and character*, about which the 'chivalry' of the South claim to be most sensitive. We should make them feel how they must be viewed in the sight of God, and all good men.—We of the North are in general, too lamentably deficient in moral courage, for this. I was sometime since in company with Colonel Preston, of South Carolina. I felt the fascination of his manners, and his genius. Yet, with all this, here stood the 'honorable' man who was living in luxury, upon the unpaid labor of the poor negro, extorted by violence and fraud;—the man who, a little before, had shewn his fitness to be a republican lawgiver, by boasting on the floor of the Senate, that if he could catch an Abolitionist in South Carolina he would "hang" him, without judge or jury. Yet in that drawing-room, not an eye was averted from the eloquent and "generous" southerner—not a hand (save one) was withheld from his warm grasp.

But I will not dwell on Mr. Preston. It is the slaveholding character generally that I wish to consider. What is the slaveholder, generally, doing? Is he any better? He is seizing upon the weak and helpless, and forcing them to minister to his luxuries, while they themselves are not allowed even necessaries. He is doing what the universal moral sense condemns as base and wicked. Is this the chivalry of the South? If I seize my fellow man here at the North, and scourge him up to work for me twelve or fifteen hours a day all his lifetime, and allow him a peck of corn a week, I am doing just what the slaveholder does. The precise amount of his guilt I cannot measure. God alone sees his heart. To his own master he must stand or fall.—But the character of the man, be it in other respects better or worse, cannot change the nature of these deeds. The act of the man who lays his hand on the infant born in his house, and says to him, "You are mine—you shall labor for me your life through, with no other recompense each day than the food which will enable you to continue your toil upon the morrow"—is as much worse than horse-stealing, as a man is better than a horse. The horse-stealer is called a thief—the other a slaveholder. But what do names signify? The character of the *act* remains the same, and a most wicked and despicable one it is.—The conduct of a slaveholder, I leave it to a slaveholder, himself, to name. "He who earns money," said John C. Calhoun, in 1833, "who digs it from the earth in the sweat of his brow, *has a just title to it against the universe.* No one has a right to touch it, without his consent, except his government, and it only, to the extent of its legitimate wants:—*to take more is robbery.*"

Don't let a man plead necessity for its perpetration. There is no necessity. Look at those great populous islands! rich, industrious, flourishing and free. Their imports increasing, anda greater proportion of their children being trained in schools than among the whites of the slave States. And if you *will* turn from them to drive men to labor with the whip;—to sell the husband and the wife asunder, and the babe from the arms of its mother, why, then, I say, for heaven's sake don't plead necessity for it. No! don't plead necessity, and then go and *advertise* the fugitive slave who was relieving you of the difficulty as far as *he* was concerned. Don't plead necessity, and then proclaim a reward, as I recently saw done in a Wilmington (North Carolina) paper—"So much for him alive; and so much for the killing of him!" Necessity! the tyrant's plea! Is there one in this house, is there one in this city, who does not feel how base and how false it is? In behalf of human nature, in behalf of my aspersed kind, I declare the necessity for debasing men to brutes does not exist.

But above all other modes of appeal would I address the *conscience;* and there, as a practical man, do I plant my grand hope of success. Who thinks that the great moral changes that have swept over the globe were the work of any less power than that of conscience? The progress of Christianity, and the march of the reformation;—those most powerful of all movements, what were they but the triumphs of conscience? What was it that animated the patriots of the American revolution, and made them unconquerable? Was it *taxation*, merely, think you? I tell you, No! It was the sublime idea of *right* that filled every heart. It was not the three pence a pound on tea, but the principle of taxation without representation, against which they fought.

Even in our party politics, it is not so much his own interests, and the little measures of the day, that a man is thinking of, as of some grand principle that he sees more readily through the medium of the side he adopts, than the one he opposes. I certainly can't say much for the integrity of leading politicians, but depend upon it, sir, that even our Whig and Democratic triumphs, are, to thousands triumphs of principle. It was as beautifully said by our old poet, as it is universally felt;—

"'Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all."

And it is equally true, as Coleridge finely says;—

"Aye, and 'tis conscience that makes *heroes* of us all."

The slaveholder must ever be weak, for the same reason that the abolitionist is strong:—

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.
And he but naked, though cased up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

I had intended, but time does not permit, to enlarge upon the weakness that slavery entails. Observe only, what Mr. King and our Congressional orators say. How uneasy they are at the movements of Great Britain. Why if we had no slavery at the South, what would they care for the 25,000 black troops now arming in Jamaica?

But, after all, what prospect have we of finally succeeding in our enterprize? Sir, he who thinks we shall not succeed, is blind to the signs of the times, and knows little of history or human nature. Before the movement of the abolitionists, from 1819 to 1831, public sentiment was in a dead palsy. But in consequence of the system of peaceful agitation they have pursued, slavery has become the subject of thought and conversation every where. The press, the pulpit, every debating society, every Lyceum, every hall of Legislation, including Congress, the church-meeting, the fireside circle throughout the free States, and to a great extent in the slave States—they are all filled with discussion. Churches are withdrawing their fellowship from the slaveholders, party ties are weakened, and men's minds in every path of life are daily changing in our favor. Public conscience is begining to awake, and its giant voice can be no longer stifled. The great question has got a fair launch, and it never will—it never can be stopped. When was a revolution ever known to roll backwards? In vain are all the cotton bales—they cannot weigh down the truth. Every two or three weeks, some event occurs in the progress of the cause which fills all the newspapers and carries discussion through the country afresh. Not only do we go forward;—we advance rapidly. Four years ago, Lynch law was advocated by the public press of Boston. Now, when a newspaper mentions us, we are about as likely to have a kind word as a harsh one. When our Legislature is in session, that is, when the representatives of the yeomanry are here, we are most likely to get the kind words: when the "dog-star" rages, the sympathies with our southern visitants begin to rage too. Past experience has told us to look for favor in January, and that mob-time begins some time in July. Let it all come. Whatever is said, harshly or kindly, it all helps to carry forward the great idea. Now there are thousands upon thousands whose minds are made up, that if *talking* about it will do any good, they wont stop talking. I doubt not there are "four thousand" whose minds are wedded to this cause for life or death; but in addition to these, there is a vast amount of dormant abolition. It is working at the South in ten thousand hearts that give it no language. The country is becoming saturated with our principles. And when that work is complete, if the least thing occurs to agitate the mass, it will crystallize in an instant. Does any one think the South are unanimous on this subject? Very far from it, sir; and I look to see the manifestation of anti-slavery principles, in a revival, so to speak, before which slavery shall pass away like a burning scroll. We may smile, at the idea, but I look for a movement there analogous to the recent one in the temperance cause, here. A geat moral awakening coming suddenly with power and great glory. I should not be surprised if some of the smaller and more fervent religious sects should suddenly burst forth at the South, ten thousand strong, (fanatics if you please, to call them so) and preach immediate Emancipation in the face of the gallows and the stake. What can withstand the might of a principle like this:—a sentiment of religion which has in it nothing ephemeral, but belongs less to time than to eternity? Meanwhile, what is to sustain slavery? What great agency is there at work to build it up? Except dollars and cents it has nothing; and even the soundest political economy is against it.

I would say to the fainting slave: Despair not!
"There's not a breathing of the common wind
That can forget thee. Thou hast great allies!
Thy friends are exultation, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind!"

Religion, education, science public sympathy, literature, civilization; all are working for the slave. Moral causes are omnipotent; and every moral influence is with us. In view of the experience of England, and the progress of the last few years at home, I hesitate not to affirm that the days of slavery in our land are numbered, and that some even of us shall live to rejoice in its downfall.

Selections.

From the Friend of Man.

JAMES WATSON SEWARD.

PETERBORO, August 4, 1841.

Mr. Editor:—You recollect the case of murder and arson in St. Louis, last spring. The perpetrators (all colored men,) were executed on 9th of last month. James Watkins Seward was among them; though, I trust, his crime did not extend to murder. He was born in Whitestown, Oneida county. In his childhood, his father's family removed to Volney, in Oswego county. Six or seven years ago, he became a member of the colored school in this village. He was a youth of uncommonly good mental powers, of very respectable education, and of unblemished morals. How came it, that such a youth should end his days on the gallows? I do not hesitate to say, that prejudice against the man of color, is responsible for the crime which resulted in James's ignominious death.

I was well acquainted with the members of the colored school in this village. I saw the discouragement of one, and the painful writhings of another, under this prejudice. Some of the scholars kindled with revenge against it; and others would devise expedients for surmounting it. I well remember the conviction of one of them, that marrying a white woman is the only means of elevating a colored young man above this prejudice. How deep and abiding was this conviction, is manifest from the fact, that he afterward went to England, and brought home a white wife. I well remember, that, in poor James's opinion, nothing but the possession of riches could turn aside the deadly shafts of this prejudice.

James left the school, to get rich; and, in this wise, to recover the level of humanity, in spite of his dark skin. He had golden dreams of the South; and he went there to realize them. Eighteen months ago, he was trying his fortune in New Orleans; and, less than a month ago, he closed a career of crime on which he would not have entered, had his manhood been recognized by his fellow men. Eternity alone can unfold all the consequences of a contempt and hatred of the colored outcast. How blood-guilty will the soul appear, that is charged with those consequences!

I hold in my hand, a letter from Mr. Chambers of St. Louis, enclosing one from James. Believing that the readers of your paper will be interested in James' letter, I give them the opportunity of reading it.

Your friend,
GERRIT SMITH.

ST. LOUIS, July 16, 1841.

Sir:—I received the inclosed letter from the writer, James Seward, with the injunction to inclose it to you, and request you to write to his parents and inform them of his unhappy end. I promised also, to communicate to you the manner in which he met his fate.

I attended him to the place of execution, and was with him a great deal previous. I can only say, that he met his fate with apparent resignation, and repeatedly avowed his confident reliance upon the pardon of his God, and manifested a clear hope of an immortality hereafter. That he merited the punishment he received, he did not pretend to deny; but it is tolerably manifest, that he was rather the victim of evil associations, than at heart the depraved criminal.

He made several attempts to write to his parents, but the task was more than he could accomplish.

Respectfully yours,
A. B. CHAMBERS.

ST. LOUIS, July 7, 1841.

MR. ——— ———:

My much-respected, and highly and most justly honored Friend,—When I look back upon the scenes of my past life—when my mind reverts to the scenes of my boyhood, and the still more recent associations of manhood—to the days that my heart was a stranger to dishonesty or vice, and when I walked in the paths of morality and virtue, with the inward gratification and pleasure that every just-principled man experiences, in the discharge of his relations and duties to his fellow men: often, during these recollections, it is with extreme sorrow and burning shame, that I revert to the fond hopes and anticipations in my future career in life, and to the numerous and kind friends of my youth and verging manhood. Among the first, kindest, best, and most untiring, I still remember your name with emotions of liveliest gratitude. You have been ever ready to extend me your profound and unerring judgment and advice, in relation to my interests and prospects, both temporal and spiritual. When in prosperity and adversity, your kindness was unchanged—when in trouble and distress, you were the first to kindly lend me your name, influence and purse, to extricate me, and your advice to shield and guard me from future danger. I now reflect how I neglected your advice and kind instruction, and launched forth upon the perilous ocean of the world, without experience, and forgetting the knowledge that I derived from the experience of others. I have neglected your kind and repeated advice and instruction; and have worse than thrown away the education, which, if it had been properly used, might have been the means of sustaining me in a sphere of respectability and usefulness in life. I have blighted, forever, the hopes of my friends—have wounded their feelings—disgraced them through their acquaintance with me—have ruined myself and forfeited my life—made my name forever a disgrace and reproach, to be spoken of with indignation by those ignorant of my true character—with exultation and contempt by mine enemies—and with shame and sorrow by my friends. I know that your benevolent heart has bled with sorrow at the recital of my fate. Do not, I beseech you, my dear sir, think of me harshly. Think any way of me, rather than as the cool, deliberate villain, and midnight assassin, which some would represent. I am a novice in crime. I know that you will do me the justice, to believe that I was rather ensnared into the paths of immorality and vice by evil associates, than following mine own inclination. The men whose desperate perpetration of this awful crime, has not only ruined themselves, but me, when I became acquainted with them, I considered (and so did others) respectable men; and I knew nothing of the extent of their desperation and wickedness of character, until they made my ruin sure. The amount of evidence against me was not as an actor, but as having a distinct knowledge of the affair.—The community is in such a state of excitement, that nothing or no exertions can save my life. But I am reconciled to die. I am resigned to my fate. My hope and trust is in the all-prevailing name of the blessed Redeemer. I am attended by a Catholic clergyman. Mr. Kowan, the Presbyterian clergyman, who has visited me until very recently, and would have attended my last hours, is now very ill. Mr. Connely, being a very pious and benevolent gentleman, and entirely free from prejudice in regard to my —— opinions, I preferred him. He interferes not with my Calvanistic belief, which is still unchanged. I must now close forever. I have but 54 hours in this world. I am in a Spanish cell, eight feet under ground. The cell is eight by twelve—no light but through a loophole, and the iron door. I have heavy handcuffs on each hand, fastened in the centre. Heavy irons on my feet, and fastened to a ring in the floor, by a chain three inches long. My fare is coarse corn bread and water. In this cell are six other persons. The heat is so intense, that prisoners are to strip naked upon entering, and remain so while they stay. The cell is constantly ringing with oaths and blasphemy. Even while I am now writing, my ear is stunned with oaths and obscenity. But in all my trials, troubles, and sorrows, I enjoy a comfort and pleasure in trusting in God.

I feel to say, that my Redeemer liveth; and because he lives, I shall live also. Adieu, forever.—When you receive this, James will be in another, and better world. My dying respects to Mrs. ——, and to all that inquire of my melancholy and unfortunate fate. The last of

JAMES W. SEWARD.

OHIO, AND DR. HUDSON.

Some time ago, Dr. Baily the very able editor of the Philanthropist, expressed a belief that our Agent, Dr. Hudson, was not quite correctly informed concerning the state of abolition sentiment in Ohio, as shown in a letter written by him to the Standard. We intended to have noticed his remarks at the time; but as it was a mere expression of *opinion*, on both sides, and scarcely susceptible of proof, it was accidentally passed by as unimportant.

Those who feel interested to know "the lay of the land, and the look of the people," will like to read the following rejoinder to Dr. Bailey from an anti-slavery friend in Ohio. We would inform our brother Brooke that the *principles* of the old organization are all we ask to have respected—all that we have felt under the painful necessity of contending for. No matter what is thought of us as *individuals*. It is a mistake to suppose that we rank and file under *leaders*. Mind finds its level among us, as elsewhere; and, whether we wish it or not, the strongest characters, naturally, unavoidably, and without effort of their own, impress themselves most strongly upon the cause. There are among us those who may be hated, but cannot be despised—because they are honest and faithful; such an one is Garrison. But the best and strongest are "mere drops in the mighty ocean of anti-slavery sentiment," and are most desirous to be so considered. Stand by old organization *principles*, friends in Ohio! and let neither of us come down from that elevated position to discuss the merits of *individuals*.

From the Philanthropist.

THE OTHER SIDE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just noticed in the Philanthropist your extract from Dr. Hudson's letter to the Standard, with remarks upon it, by publishing which I think you have greatly erred.

Dr. Hudson was a stranger among us, and if he misunderstood or misrepresented any thing in our anti-slavery affairs, it was a matter of little importance; but by your notice of it you have raised an exciting and distracting question, to interrupt a harmony which we have all been endeavoring to perpetuate. A sense of what is due to him, who, if mistaken, was doubtless very innocently and naturally led into error from the associations he accidentally fell into at Mount Pleasant, and by the action of the Convention upon a question calculated to bring up the whole affair, (Mr. Nevin's resolution;)—this, with a regard for the interests of the anti-slavery cause, which will be best served by an exhibition as nearly as possible of the true state of feeling with us, compels me to offer my opinions in reply to your strictures upon his letter.

When Dr. Hudson says that the sympathies of Ohio Abolitionists, "in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are with the American Society," and that "as a body, they are firm friends of Garrison," I believe him to be mistaken. Had he said nine-tenths of us were in favor of the *principles* of the American Society, he would probably have been correct. I believe that if a vote had to be taken upon the exclusion of women from participancy in our business proceeding, or our resolving that it is the duty of every man in possession of the elective franchise to go to the polls and vote, which I conceive to be the points *in principle* at issue between the two parties at the East, that nine-tenths, *and more*, of Ohio abolitionists, would go for the old American Society platform. It is only the belief that prejudices in favor of some men, and against others, govern such of our friends generally as prefer to join the seceders, and not an objection on their part to principles vital to our cause, namely, *equal rights and complete freedom of conscience to individuals* on the anti-slavery platform, and the practical application of those principles, which reconciles to our present position of neutrality, as a State society, the greater number of those who understand the nature of the Eastern controversy. But both Dr. Hudson and yourself have mingled other questions with these. A majority of nine-tenths, perhaps a simple majority, would not go for the American Society—first, because the causes of the division are not clearly understood by many, and consequently the personal popularity of some of the leading seceders carries a number with them; secondly, because sectarian feeling is brought to operate strongly against many prominent individuals in the original society; and thirdly, because our zeal for political action causes many of our friends to lean naturally towards the new organization, which makes political action the most "prominent feature in its operations. If "as a

being conscientiously opposed to voting. The position of Ohio abolitionists in reference to the questions dividing their Eastern brethren, is a jumbled up concern—a tangled web which may not easily be unravelled so as to be clearly "defined" to ourselves or others. I am sorry that you thought necessary to open the subject at this time in the Philanthropist. We may as well preserve our joint hold of the end of the lever, which we can all pull at; but since the question has been mooted, justice requires that both sides be heard. It is a matter of no moment which of our Eastern friends is most popular here. Like ourselves, they are none of them any better than they should be; and we have reason to thank God that individuals there or here are but drops in the mighty ocean of anti-slavery sentiment, whose tides, ever swelling and increasing, are destined to overwhelm all opposition, as we believe at no distant day.

Yours, &c.

A. BROOKE.

Oaklank, July 17, 1841.

COLONIZATION.

It is amusing to watch the proceedings of this Society; prejudice diligent in deceiving others, perchance deceiving itself. They select some intelligent colored man, dress him up, flatter him, pet him, carry him to Liberia, make a magistrate of him, treat him like a gentleman; and when, under the influence of such encouragement, he begins to hold up his head like a man, they bring him before the public, to prove that it would not be possible for him ever to feel like a man in *this* country.

If our three millions of slaves *could* be shipped to Africa, (which plainly enough they cannot) which would be the wisest, to incur this immense expense in shipping off laborers, or to give them sufficient motive *here*, for intelligence, enterprise, and industry? Which is the most Christian course, to remove them away from our prejudice, or our prejudice away from them?

The Colonization scheme has always reminded us of Sir Isaac Newton, who finding the heat uncomfortable, called a servant to *remove the fire-place*: forgetting how comparatively easy it was to remove his own chair.

We copy the following article from the New-York Observer. Strange it did not occur to the writer what an excellent thing it would be, in a country which imports foreign laborers by ship loads, if *all* the colored population could be thus transformed into respectable and efficient citizens, by just and equal treatment.

THE COLORED POPULATION.

We wish that all the enemies of African colonization, and all the free colored people of this country, could listen with candor to the statements of those Colonists whose return we mentioned last week. An extensive wish, we grant, but sincere.

It was our pleasure to hear two of them on Tuesday evening last. Mr. Brown, for some time the Governor of the Mississippi Colony on the Western coast of Africa, now a member of the Legislature in Liberia, is a gentleman of education and talents, of a grade that would secure for him the respect of any body of men with whom he might be associated. Mr. Harris is a plain unlettered man, but with a soul deeply imbued with love for his countrymen, and ardent in his desires for their temporal and spiritual well being.

The fact that first impressed us on listening to their addresses, was that they were conscious of no *inferiority* to those before whom they were speaking. They stood up with the noble bearing of freemen; and not a word, not an allusion raised the thought in the hearer's mind, that there was any *distinction* of persons in that assembly. Feeling that their position in society, in the world, was not such as to challenge the respect of the most respectable, they took the place to which they were entitled, not as a matter of favor, but as a matter *of course*. It was this proud feeling of independence that gave a manliness of character to their addresses, and made their eloquence thrice thrilling to every freeman's heart.

Gov. Brown communicated interesting details of the state of things at the Colonies, of the commerce, the agriculture, the enterprise, the industry, the morals, the happiness of the colonists; of the fruits, and amazing fertility of the soil; of the government, under which every man of 21 years of age takes a part in the choice of officers; of the climate, which (he showed by facts) is not as deadly as many have supposed, &c; and in all his statements there appeared no disposition to draw a glowing and attractive picture, but simply to present the truth, and leave it to work its legitimate influence in the minds of intelligent men. He disclaimed all desire to *urge* the people of color to emigrate. The colonists, he said, had no desire that people should be urged to come among them from this country.—They are doing well, and are willing that others should come and enjoy their comforts with them: but they want none to come who do not seek Liberia for the sake of the rich blessings it holds out.—He spoke of the *amusement* it afforded the colonists to hear, some time ago, that a vessel was to touch at Liberia, to afford a free passage home to all who should wish to return! [This was a scheme set on foot by the enemies of colonization, out of professed sympathy for the poor exiles in the pestilent clime of Western Africa!] But you could not insult an intelligent colonist more deeply than by asking him to abandon his home in that land. They were happy there; there were undoubtedly some ignorant and lazy people, who would thrive no where, and these were as discontented there as they would be any where else; but the people were contented and prosperous; and well they might be. Gov. B. interspersed his address with the relation of numerous interesting incidents, and throughout the hour which he occupied, he displayed an extent of information, and a deep devotion to the cause to which his life is consecrated, that commanded the fixed attention of a large assembly.

Mr. Harris confined himself principally to a statement of the prospects of the cause of Missions in Africa; and the honest ardor of his heart, as it glowed in his face and broke out in his imperfect language, deeply affected his hearers. He also exhibited a great variety of the productions of the colonies, and communicated information as to the manner in which they were raised. He said he had come over to this country "to get his relations;" he wanted them to go back with him to be as happy there as he was; and when he had seen them thus settled, he should be ready to depart in peace; and he hoped he should lay his bones in Africa.

We have given this account of the appearance of these colored men, as an introduction to a few words in reference to our colored population generally.—No man of feeling can contemplate this class of men without deep interest; and we envy not the disposition of him who desires no effort to be made to raise them to happiness and usefulness. Every attribute of humanity and religion commends them to our regard. Nor do we say, as many say, that they cannot be elevated here. But this we say; the plan of colonization has done more for their elevation, and is able to do more, than all other instrumentalities that have been employed. This plan embraces as its soul the principles and the power of the gospel, and bringing it to bear on man as a moral being, while it sets before him the highest worldly inducements to advancement, it promises effectually and rapidly to remove or overcome every obstacle to the elevation of the colored race. Those who refuse its blessings, it does not harm; but to those who voluntarily accept its offers, it holds out a moral certainty of securing every advantage of education, property, influence, social and domestic comfort, and religious privilege, that can be enjoyed by any community of laboring men in any part of the world.

And more than this; the enemies of Colonization, (once their name was Legion; now they are comparatively few,) declaim loudly against that wicked and cruel prejudice, which prevents the white and colored races from participating, on terms of perfect equality, in all the privileges of citizens and Christians. There *is* a prejudice that forms this barrier. And the plan of Colonization is doing this away more rapidly than any other influence! It is demonstrating to the world that, under favorable circumstances, the colored man will vindicate for himself his title to a standing among his fellow men; and when his claim is thus established, it is freely and joyfully acknowledged by the whites.—They delight to do honor to the man who by the force of genius and moral worth has secured the respect of society. Take these returned colonists as an illustration. No gentlemen from abroad are treated with more respect than they. This attention is readily shown them by all classes; except those perhaps who hate Colonization, and of consequence, *pay no attention to colonists.* And this respect is shown to them, not with *condescension*; and is received not as a *boon;* but is extended and accepted as the ordinary attention due to intelligent and worthy men. *Color* has nothing to do with the matter.

As an evidence of this, we mentioned last week an incident that occurred at a recent Abolition meeting, where the only instance that came under our observation of white and colored people being seated together, was that of a distinguished friend of the Colonization Society in company with one of the returned colonists. Our mention of this beautiful incident has given offence to some, who have long contended that the very practice ought to be general which *in this case* was adopted. But their objection in this case is indeed a serious one. They know that in that Abolition assembly the colored people were almost without exception, seated in an obscure part of the church and by themselves: and when this gentleman from Liberia entered, he was without question admitted to a seat among the whites, although he was "guilty of a skin not colored" like those with whom he was associated. Hence, as the fact works directly against their theory, they are offended at its publication. But we could multiply such facts.

A colored man in Alabama, who had been treated as colored people are treated at the South, went to Liberia, and by the force of his own character raised himself to a position of the highest respectability and influence. He returned to this country, and in Alabama addressed a public meeting. At its close he was cordially invited to the hospitalities of the most respectable white families, who had not the slightest hesitation to accord to him the attentions due to a man of education and moral worth.

When such facts as these are published, the enemies of Colonization are put to shame, if not to silence. But they are facts; and facts are troublesome to theorists. A *theory* is good for nothing if the *facts* are against it. And the fact is that the prejudice of color has been made more rigid and impregnable by the violence with which it has been assailed for a few years past; while the influence of the Colonization principles has been silently but steadily preparing the way for the colored race to reach the rank in the scale of being to which, as God's moral creatures, they are justly entitled.—That it may prosper in this great work, all good men will pray.—*N. Y. Observer.*

PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOR.

At the late Quarterly meeting of the Norfolk Anti-Slavery Society, Wendell Phillips made the following remarks:

He alludes to Lady Byron.

"I recollect seeing a lady of high rank in England rise from the sofa where she sat, to receive Remond when he entered, and, placing him by herself, entered into confidential conversation with him. [Mr. Garrison explained, that Charles Lenox Remond was one of the proscribed race in America.] When we went to visit the tomb of Napoleon, among the troops on duty was a black, covered with the decorations of the old national guard. We saw near the Tuileries in Paris, at 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, in the most fashionable part of the most fashionable city, at the most fashionable hour, white and colored persons walking together, both fashionably dressed—which I mention to show that this absence of prejudice is universally observable in all classes. In Rome, colored men assist with white at the celebration of mass in St. Peter's. The number of colored men that one sees abroad is not great. I saw, perhaps, three dozen, not more, during my absence; but always under such circumstances as to prove the perfect equality of the colored man. I recollect mentioning to persons, to whom I was not known, in the cars on an English rail-road, that colored persons could not be admitted to such conveyances in America; and it was received with incredulity.—Within the same twelvemonth that a youth was refused admission to a New England University here, on account of his color, did the colored youth in Paris, who took the highest prize at his school, sit down to dinner with the royal family, according to the custom which decrees that honor to the victor.

I have come home determined to work. I saw abroad, most clearly, what was duty:—that it was under the lee of the church that the vessel of slavery was sailing. My spirits rise when I meet a man who is faithful, and determined to bear down upon the opposition over its strongest defences, and it is not always that we find such a one where we had reason to expect it. From henceforth may we all continue to be laborious and faithful."

A. B. C. of ABOLITION:

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE SUBJECT.

ANTI-SLAVERY CATECHISM.

BY MRS. CHILD.

Question. There can be no doubt that slavery is a bad system; but don't you think it ought to be done away gradually? Ought not the slaves to be fitted for freedom, before they are emancipated?

A. The difficulty is, it is utterly impossible to fit them for freedom while they remain slaves. The masters know very well that their vassals will be servile just in proportion as they are brutally ignorant; hence all their legislation tends to keep them so. It is a disgraceful fact, that in half these United States the working men are expressly forbidden to learn to read or write. The law ordains that twenty lashes shall be inflicted upon every slave found in an assembly met together for the purpose of "mental instruction." Any white person who teaches a slave to read or write, or gives or sells him any book (the Bible not excepted), is fined two hundred dollars; and any colored person who commits the same *crime*, is punished with thirty-nine lashes, or with imprisonment. The Rev. Charles C. Jones, of Georgia, said in one of his sermons: "Generally speaking the slaves appear to us to be without God and without hope in the world—a *nation of heathen in our very midst.* We cannot cry out against the Papists for withholding the Scriptures from the common people; for we withhold the Bible from *our* servants, and keep them in ignorance of it." A writer in the Observer, of Charleston, S. C. says: "I hazard the assertion, that throughout the bounds of our synod, there are at least one hundred thousand slaves, speaking the same language as ourselves, who never *heard* of the plan of salvation by a Redeemer." The reason assigned for these oppressive laws is, that "teaching slaves to read and write tends to excite dissatisfaction in their minds," and to produce insurrection. In Georgia, a white man is fined five hundred dollars for teaching a slave or free negro to read or write; and if a colored man attempts to teach the alphabet even to his own child, he is liable to be fined or whipped, according to the discretion of the court. Such laws are necessary for the preservation of this detestable system; and while such laws exist, how can the slaves ever be better fitted for freedom? When the British government insisted that female slaves should no longer be flogged naked in the Colonies, the Jamaica legislature replied, that the practice could not possibly be laid aside, "*until* the negro women acquired more of the sense of shame, which distinguishes European females." Fitting men for freedom by keeping them slaves, is like the Jamaica mode of making woman modest by whipping them without clothing.

Q. But don't you think it would be dangerous to turn the slaves at once loose upon the community?

A. The abolitionists never desired to have them turned loose. They wish to have them governed by salutary laws, so regulated as effectually to protect both master and slave. They merely wish to have the power of punishment transferred from individuals to magistrates: to have the sale of human beings cease; and to have the stimulus of *wages* applied, instead of the stimulus of the *whip.* The relation of master and laborer might still continue; but under circumstances less irksome and degrading to both parties. Even that much abused animal, the jackass, can be made to travel more expeditiously by suspending a bunch of turnips on a pole and keeping them before his nose, than he can by the continual application of the whip; and even when human beings are brutalized to the last degree, by the soul-destroying system of slavery, they have still sense enough left to be more willing to work two hours for twelve cents, than to work one hour for nothing.

Q. I should think this system, in the long run, must be an unprofitable one.

A. It is admitted to be so. Southerners often declare that it takes six slaves to do what is easily performed by half the number of free laborers.—Henry Clay says, "It is believed that slave labor would no where be employed in the farming portions of the United States, if the proprietors were not tempted to raise slaves by the high price of the Southern market, which keeps it up in their own;" and he says the effects of introducing slavery into Kentucky have been to keep them in the rear of their non-slaveholding neighbors, in agriculture, manufactures, and general prosperity. General Washington, when writing to Sir John Sinclair on the comparative value of the soil in Pennsylvania and Virginia, ascribes the very low price of land in Virginia to the existence of slavery among them. John Randolph declared that Virginia was so impoverished by slavery, that slaves would soon be advertising for runaway masters. A distinguished writer on political economy says: "The slave system inflicts an incalculable amount of human suffering, for the sake of making a wholesale waste of labor and capital."

Communications.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN MILLBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON, August 19, 1841.

DEAR FRIEND:

Mr. George Foster, the faithful and indefatigable agent for the Standard, requested me to write you some account of the anti-slavery meetings at Millbury, this week, and of the flattering reception given to the friends of emancipation, who there congregated on the 17th and 18th inst., from far and near. It was an interesting occasion, and I will do my best.

I was agreeably surprised in Millbury. It has two pretty villages, many new houses, modeled like the modern mansions in this vicinity, with colonnades and flower-gardens in front. Some of these buildings are of large diminsions, and very elegant. Millbury, as you are aware, is a manufacturing place. It has access to three markets, being only six miles from Worcester, communicating with Providence by the Blackstone canal, and with Boston by the railroad. There are many good mill seats here, on the Blackstone river; where are factories for woollen and cotton goods, and for tools of various kinds. One, entirely for pistols, working on contract for government! Having seen Newburyport, Lynn, and Weymouth, all remarkable places, the friend of the slave should visit Millbury, and learn the influence one can exert, who goes forward in the name of the Lord.

The occasion that filled Millbury at this time with strangers, was a Quarterly Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Abby Kelly was at the depot to welcome the guests, and to introduce them to hospitable friends, who volunteered to entertain them at their houses; unwilling that any should go to a hotel. I would here remark, that anti-slavery fares sumptuously at Millbury. A spacious church was opened for the meetings, and the Academy Hall appropriated to the Fair and the collation. Mr. John Collins's unsettled accounts with the Massachusetts Society, was the first business attended to, after the meeting was organized. These were adjusted to the satisfaction of his friends, and the discomfiture of his enemies. All that was said in praise of his fidelity, usefulness, and zeal, was proved sincere by his re-appointment to the general agency. The subject of petitions to Congress, and to the State legislature, was then taken up. The petitions were:

1. Abolition of slavery in the District and territories.
2. Abolition of the inter-State slave trade.
3. Against the admission of any new slave State into the Union.
4. Recognition of the independence of Hayti.
5. Revisal of any clause in the Constitution, that may be understood to oblige citizens of the free States to take up arms to suppress insurrections among the slaves.

Mr. Loring spoke to each of these. He urged the great importance of the work of petitioning being faithfully attended to at this time: as wise, observing men, were of opinion that the gag law would be rescinded at the next session. He represented how small the friends of liberty would appear, to contend against a law, and after its removal, have nothing to ask for. The South seem determined to have the question decided. It has been killed in Congress five or six times: but it will not *stay* killed. Two southern members had voted to remove the gag. Mr. Loring quoted Mr. Webster as authority, that Congress has the power to prevent the inter-State slave trade.

Mr. Loring spoke of our great commerce with Hayti. He quoted McCullock's Commercial Dictionary, relative to her past and present state. Look at these for a moment, and judge how she has been misrepresented! What had she when she came out of her sanguinary war, which continued ten or fifteen years, but her soil, her men, and machinery? With peace, she assumed a national debt to France, which in magnitude, (for her numbers and resources,) was greater than the national debt of Great Britain. She was obliged to be perpetually on the defensive, and to erect herself into a military garrison, with debts enough to weigh down any other country; and yet, under all these discouragements, the exports, for fifteen years, have been on the increase. The Haytiens have done themselves honor. Scoffing statements are continually made, to prove that Hayti has been on the decline. These can be traced to New Orleans, and to New-York; both desirous to injure her. Mr. Loring placed in a just light, the absurdity of saying we, at the North, have nothing to do with slavery; while we are bound, by law, to aid in putting down a servile insurrection. The resolution on petitions was faithfully discussed, and passed.—Some of Mr. Loring's most interesting arguments and statements I shall not attempt to give, for fear of being inaccurate.

In the course of this forenoon, Mr. Wright, to prove the extreme vigilance of our free, republican government, to protect the peculiar institution on which our freedom is based—namely, slavery—told the story of Joshua Coffin's removal from office.

By the way, why cavil at the position assumed by the great men of the South, respecting the foundation of their liberty? Slavery *is* its foundation. *Their* idea of freedom is the liberty of committing every kind of sin and oppression. Pray, be candid. Perhaps they have never heard of the celestial liberty of that service which is perfect freedom.

Mr. Foster, of Concord, read to the meeting the petitions to Congress, prepared for New Hampshire. One was for the impeachment of John Tyler, for holding American citizens in bondage, uncharged with crime.—Others were of the same calibre. He advocated them great warmth and devotion.

One of the petitions prepared for the State Legislature, called forth a long discussion. It was against granting, or continuing, charters to corporate bodies, which assume the power to make a distinction in the rights of citizens, on account of the color of the skin. The repeated abuses in churches, schools, steamboats, and rail-cars, have produced great feeling on this subject among the friends of humanity. Various opinions were entertained respecting the duty of Christians. Some were clear, that they ought so sit in the "negro pew," and ride in the "Jim Crow car," to be with their oppressed colored brethren. I say, then, they ought, if they would be consistent, to send their children to the African schools; or, perhaps, this theory might even oblige them to assume yokes and fetters, and be consigned to southern task-masters. Others maintained that we were not required thus to do; that our duty was to protest against abuses, and labor for reform; and to leave that church, however beautiful her walls, or elevated her towers, which, by thus becoming a respecter of persons, proved itself devoid of the spirit of Christ, &c. &c.

Some of the noted warriors from the Granite State became very much excited on this subject. They considered the Massachusetts standard lowered 25 degrees. They made some desperate passes at Garrison and H. C. Wright, who seemed rather amused at the assault. They laughed, as did the audience, to hear themselves called recreants to the cause, and charged with being afraid to pass resolutions, that even the pro-slavery clergy of New Hampshire would assent to. This mimic war was quite novel and amusing. Lookers on saw the strength and skill of the combatants, and thought how the enemy could stand an encounter in an open field, and no favor. Mr. Garrison did not wage such battle with them; but they finally assented to his position.

The fugitive, who produced such an interest at Nantucket, again called forth pity and horror at his story. He is shrewd and discriminating, and his deportment is graceful and manly.

The resolution for the protection of fugitive slaves, called out a speech of deep and solemn interest from Mr. Garrison.

The Fair, and the evening collation, were held in the Academy Hall, which is convenient and airy. The industry and generous efforts of the Millbury women deserve all commendation. At the collation, there was an "elegant sufficiency." The hall was well lighted, and appropriately ornamented with evergreen; fit emblem for the Christian, with *semper virens* for his motto. There was prayer, and sacred song arose after the refreshments were served. The presiding officer, whose name I did not hear, welcomed the guests to Millbury, and paid a merited compliment to those women who had prepared the repast, not forgetting to remind us of the great duties of justice and mercy. He was followed by Mr. Garrison, Mr. Collins, and Abby Kelly. A West Indian, once a slave, described the daily tasks and sufferings of the bondman there, before emancipation. He showed a whip and collar, and our enjoyment was turned to sorrow and shame at the sight.

To restore cheerfulness, it was necessary to remind the company, that the British West Indies were now free; that the sound of the whip was no longer heard there, and the yoke was broken from every neck.

Rev. Mr. Guild, an Unitarian clergyman from Liverpool, made the most novel and interesting speech on this occasion. He is an Irishman, with all the Irish warmth and fluency. It had been asserted, by Mr. Collins, that the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies was from expediency, rather than moral conviction. Mr. Guild vindicated Great Britain from this charge. He spoke of the taunts he was exposed to in this country, on account of the sufferings of the working classes, and the Irish peasantry at home. These he allowed to be great; but never to be compared with the abject situation of American slaves. Here he was very eloquent; and I wished Mrs. Chapman had been there, with her disciplined mind and practised hand, to report his rapid words. He confessed himself proud of the poor Englishman, when he looked at his many oppressions and embarrassments, and his small resources, and viewed the comforts and intelligence to be found in his humble, chaste home, with wife and children around his frugal table. With all his wrongs, and they were many, he owned *himself*; he was free; he could emigrate with his family to any land he might choose, without being hunted by cruel task-masters, rapacious as blood hounds. So, with the ragged peasantry of Ireland, in their miserable shantees; cold and hungry they might be, yet were they men; and though storms came into their cabins, yet even the King could not enter there.

Mr. Guild spoke with great feeling on the injury done to liberty through the world by the existence of American slavery. Every effort made towards equal representation, or just taxes in Great Britain was discouraged, by a view of Republican America. This gentleman has been in our country more than a year. It requires little courage to plead the cause of the oppressed, and to cry aloud and spare not, at Millbury, in an anti-slavery meeting; but will Mr. Guild raise his voice in the city, in social converse, and in large assemblies of his own denomination? Is he willing to be the scorn of the learned, and the derision of the wise? To be excluded from literary and refined society, rather than disobey the gospel law, of such extensive application, "Do as you would be done by?"

Yours truly, H. S.

LETTER FROM MARENGO, N. Y.

DEAR FRIEND:

It gives me great pleasure to inform you, that the principles of universal freedom are steadily, if not rapidly, taking root among us. People in this vicinity are mostly engaged in cultivating the soil, and entertain the common idea, that, when a man has earned his bread, and laid up "something for a rainy day," he has performed his whole duty; and society has nothing further to require of him. But when we lay before them the situation of those who are never allowed to receive their earnings, who are held as cattle, and, as such, driven to the market, they are quick to perceive, and acknowledge, that such a state of things is a most outrageous violation of common justice and humanity, and deserving of the sternest rebuke from every friend of his country.

The idea, that separate individual influence can accomplish the work of reform as speedily, or effectually, as the same influence, combined in organized action, I am satisfied is altogether erroneous.

When I first came here to reside, last fall, I found some individuals who felt deeply for the oppressed, and were willing to make use of such means as they had in their behalf; and there were others, conscientiously opposed to slavery, yet afraid to do anything, lest they should thereby take a wrong step, and injure the cause they most wished to promote. When these friends of freedom ascertained that I was willing to speak for the dumb, they proposed to have some public lectures given. They were tolerably well attended, but there was not sufficient interest excited to induce the people to give this important subject a careful and candid examination. It became fully persuaded that we were not doing the best thing that could be done; and I proposed that a meeting should be called in the Methodist meeting-house, to consult on the propriety of forming a Society, for the purpose of disseminating anti-slavery principles in the neighborhood. Few attended; but nothing daunted, by the smallness of our numbers, we proceeded to business. A Committee was appointed to draw up a Constitution, which, at a subsequent meeting, was adobted with slight alteration. Some were unacquainted with associations of any sort, and favored the idea but little. Ten persons signed their names, and agreed to meet once a month, for discussion. The meetings have been well attended; four have been added to our number, and others intend soon to join. When this small Society was first formed, people thought it could accomplish little or nothing; but we went to work with a good heart, and soon found that our discussions produced considerable agitation—the very thing to be desired. Opposition does us good, in every sense. "Fire burns but the stubble, and wind blows away but the chaff."

We stand on the old basis of anti-slavery societies—abjuring physical force, and having full faith that our work can be done, and well done, by appeals to the reason, the consciences, and the hearts of our countrymen.

I write you this, because I think you will be gratified to hear of the progress of free principles in this section of our common country.

Your sincere friend,

JACOB FERRIS.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER BY ELIZABETH PEASE.

DARLINGTON, England, 8th mo. 31.

"I fear the public mind is too much absorbed with other matters now, to enter earnestly into any question not immediately connected with our own country. So much misery was never known at this season of the year. Ah, my friend, the condition of our peasantry is most affecting! It is true, they cannot be sold in the shambles, like cattle; but they are the victims of grievous oppression. Well may your slaveholders reply to our rebukes, 'Physician heal thyself!' For what is that but slavery, which robs a man of the fruits of honest industry, taxes his food, forbids him to purchase bread where he can get it cheapest, and compels him silently and powerlessly to see wife and children starving around him. It is matter of astonishment to me that people do not rise and take that which is their own.

What the effects of a tory administration may be, it seems difficult to conjecture. They surely dare not *increase* the burdens of the poor. I trust one good consequence will be the result—that our so-called Liberals, most of whom are Tories at heart, will be compelled to unite with the real reformers. I hope the Chartists will refrain from violence, but peacefully and steadily pursue their object. So far as I can understand them, they seem to be the only party based on true principles; though such a sentiment is here deemed perfectly outrageous. What but misery and oppression can be expected to arise, when the few have the making of the laws, and construct them naturally enough for their own benefit—treating the many as if they existed only for *their* emolument.

* * * * * * * * The third Political Party seems to me a sad lowering of the exalted standard once held up by abolitionists. I am astonished that Joseph Sturge should be found giving countenance to it. Indeed his course altogether, in regard to your divisions, excites my surprise more than I can tell. To me he offers an affecting instance to how great an extent prejudice, and the *wish* to hold certain opinions, can blind the eyes of even good men to the truth.

The second so called World's Convention has ended in talk. Several recent acts of the Committee have tended to diminish their popularity; and so far as I have been able to learn, the opinion of the country is opposed to another gathering of this sort at present."

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XXXIII.—SUPPLEMENT TO No. XVI.

Tom Hughes and John P. Darg.

The following account was given a few weeks since, by Tom Hughes, to a respectable citizen of this place.—By this it will be seen how much truth there was in the oft-repeated assertion, that he was anxious to return into slavery. I give it nearly in his own words.

"I know it was a disappointment to my friends that I went with Mr. Darg, after my release from prison at Sing Sing. I feel great gratitude for the offer they made, to protect me from slavery. I felt sorry that their feelings should have been hurt; knowing that they were unacquainted with my motives in doing so. I went with Mr. Darg, hoping to get my dear Mary, whom I now never expect to see again. Some time before my release from prison, Mr. Darg brought Mary, my wife, to see me.—He declared that we should both be free, and that we should enjoy each other's society as long as we lived.—He said the abolitionists would do nothing for me; and that I should suffer here at the North. But I went with him solely with a hope of seeing Mary. I thought if I received bad treatment, or if he attempted to hold us as slaves, we should run away the first opportunity that offered. But I soon found that Mr. Darg had deceived me. Soon after I came out of prison, I went with him to Washington, where he said I should see Mary. When we got to Baltimore, he shut me up in prison, and then told me he had sold Mary, and that she had gone to the South. I can't tell you how I felt. He asked me if I consented to come with him on Mary's account, or on his account. I thought it would make it better for me to say on *his* account; and I said so. I hope the Lord will forgive me for telling a falsehood. After being in Baltimore jail sometime, he called to see me, and told me as I did not consent to come with him on account of my wife, he would not sell me; and that I should be free, and he would buy Mary for me, if he could find her. After I came back to New-York, I was told by Mrs. Darg that some ladies, Mrs. Merritt and Mrs. Peck, had written to Mr. Darg not to sell me, because it was reported by the abolitionists that he carried me to the South on purpose to sell me; and I expect this is the only reason why I was not sold. I know Mrs. Darg did not want to have me sold; and I know that she did not want to have Mary sold; because I believe she loved her. Mrs. Darg was very good to me and Mary, and I feel very sorry that I could not live with her and be free. Mr. Darg always treated me pretty well; but I think he is a great villain, and I have thought so for some time. He don't treat Mrs. Darg very well, and I am very sorry for her; but I would rather live in the States' Prison all my life, than to be a slave. I always calculated on being free; and I only went with Mr. Darg that I might get my wife, and some money."

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBR 2, 1841.

EDWARD EVERETT.

For a long time we have been observant of this gentleman's career, both literary and political. Well do we remember having long preserved a leaf plucked from his garden in Cambridge, in young, romantic days, so prone to hero-worship. In addition to the literary distinction, which then surrounded him like a halo, was the attraction of personal beauty—that intellectual style of beauty, which the imagination loves to contemplate, as it does a work of Art. In the Library of the University was a fine engraving of Milton, at the time he wrote Lysidas—beautiful, as was the youthful poet, when the Italian lady kissed him as he slept, and left the incident embalmed in graceful rhyme. Visiters generally noticed the strong resemblance this picture bore to Edward Everett.

Such was he in those days, when the highest prize that literature can possibly bestow on genius was easily within his reach—nay, stooping to meet his touch, like trees of fairy growth. Yet, with this glorious crown before him, in the attainment of which he would have led his genuine life, he deliberately chose to turn aside from the smooth and graceful paths of literature, into the tangled and briery maze of politics. I heard of this resolution with emotions similar to those the Pleiades might have felt, when their star-crowned sister descended to the earth, and lost her divinity by an earthly marriage.

Years after, I saw him—for the first time as a politician. Where now was the resemblance to the youthful Milton? Anxiety, distrust, and dissatisfaction, were written on his face in most legible characters; and his eye-lids dropped hastily beneath an open glance, as if diplomacy had taught him that the language of the eye might not always be safely trusted, though that of the tongue was "given to *conceal* our thoughts."

His public speeches still retained much of the beautiful finish that characterized his literary productions. Somewhat too much of the chisel had always been visible; but it wrought out such fair proportions, that few were inclined to find fault with its elaborate skill. The orator and the scholar were alike distinguished for tasteful selection of words, and harmonious arrangement of sentences; but intellect to exert its greatest power must ever derive its momentum from the *heart;* and that power was never possessed by Edward Everett. As a popular speaker, he well deserved much of the praise that has been lavished upon him; but I could never hear him, even in his happiest efforts, without an uncomfortable feeling that nothing was spontaneously uttered; that somewhat was said for effect; that he went out of himself, to please the multitude; in a word, that he descended from his dignity and his mission, to minister to his ambition and his interest. These impressions may have wronged him; but they deepened every time I listened to his popular addresses, which were almost as numerous as pebbles on the sea-shore. To him the public has proved a severe task-master, and paid but moderate wages.

And where did ambition lead him, in the new mode of life he had chosen? It led him into Congress, which could boast few minds so gifted as his own, but many more experienced in the game of politics. However, quickness of perception and facility of adaptation, could do much to atone for the absence of practised skill; and the southern influence, which has always ruled the destinies of this nation, was too obviously paramount to be mistaken by the merest novice in public life.

In March, 1826, a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States, brought before Congress the "vexed question" of slavery; and the distinguished young member from Massachusetts made haste to deliver what he called his "confession of faith." By help of theological learning, which he had obtained in Cambridge, and the renowned universities of Germany, he defined the much disputed word, for which we have no Greek types, to mean *slave*, and not *servant*. With ready gallantry, unexpected in one of his scholastic habits, he declared that he would "most cheerfully shoulder his musket" in defence of Southern institutions.

The following is an extract from his Speech on that occasion. It was printed under his own supervision, and those who heard it at the time said that the written speech, without being materially altered, was considerably smoothed down, and better suited to a Northern audience, than the spoken one. We give it as he reported it:

"*The great relation of servitude* in some form or other, with greater or less departure from the theoretic equality of man, *is inseparable from our nature. I know of no way by which the form of this servitude can be fixed, but by* POLITICAL INSTITUTION. Domestic Slavery, though I confess not that form of servitude which seems to be most beneficial to the master—certainly not that which is most beneficial to the servant—is not, in my judgment, to be set down as an *immoral and irreligious relation.* I cannot admit that religion has but one voice to the slave, and that this voice is, 'rise against your master.' No, sir, the New Testament says, 'Slaves, obey your Masters;' and though I know full well, that in the benignant operation of Christianity which gathered master and slave around the same communion table, this unfortunate institution disappeared in Europe, yet I cannot admit, that, while it subsists, its duties are not pre-supposed and sanctioned by religion."

This drew forth the following eloquent rebuke from Cambreling:

"If, sir, amidst the wild visions of German philosophy, I had ever reached conclusions like this; if in the Aula of Gottingen I had ever persuaded myself to adopt a political maxim so hostile to liberal institutions and the rights of all mankind, I would have locked it up forever in the darkest chambers of my mind. Or, if my zeal had been too ardent for my discretion, this place, at least, should never have been the theatre of my eloquence. No, sir; if such had been my doctrines, I would have turned my back forever on my native land. Following the course of the dark rolling Danube, and cutting my way across the Euxine, I would have visited a well known market of Constantinople, and there preached my doctrines amidst the rattling chains of the wretched captives. Nay, sir, I would have gone from thence, and laid my forehead upon the footstool of the Sultan, and besought him to set his foot upon my neck, as the recreant citizen of a recreant republic!"

John Randolph, I believe, was not in the House at the time this famous speech was uttered; but being informed of it, he is said to have answered, with one of his most scornful looks, "Sir, I envy neither the head nor the heart of a man who can defend slavery upon *principle!*"

We next find Edward Everett Governor of Massachusetts, at a time when mobs disgraced the usual quiet respectability of Boston, and when the South demanded that abolitionists should be proscribed and outlawed by the Legislature. That portion of the citizens were a small minority in numbers, though not so in intellect and worth; and if there ever was a time when they needed protection, it was then. Did the Governor extend over them his official shield? On the contrary, he announced in his Message, with the utmost urbanity to slaveholding power, that according to his opinion, "the abolitionists were indictable at Common Law."

One would think these facts had occurred recently enough to be within the remembrance of at least every politician; yet in the face of them, comes the rejection of Mr. Everett as ambassador to the court of St. James, on the charge of being an abolitionist! When I first saw the possibility of such a thing hinted at, in the New-York Herald, I smiled at the suggestion; and now that I hear it echoed by all the northern press, with such thundering blasts of indignation, I cannot help laughing outright, as at a most marvellous comedy!

Having shown the proofs of Mr. Everett's *pro*-slavery, I will now, for the benefit of the curious, recall all the proofs he has ever given of being *opposed* to slavery. In the fall of 1839, Edward Everett and Marcus Morton were rival candidates for Governor in Massachusetts. Mr. Morton had been candidate year after year, with small visible chance of success; but this year, a strong effort was made to force the "Fifteen gallon law," in advance of public sentiment: a fierce and formidable opposition was the natural result; drunkards, moderate drinkers, grocers, distillers, tavern-keepers, and brandy importers, were in a rage; and willing to concede other points, to defeat this odious law, they threw themselves into Morton's party, pledged to advance their wishes. Mr. Everett, though now practised in the subtle game of statesmanship, knew not which horn of the temperance dilemma to choose; and in his uncertainty lost the hearty support of both sides.

Then came the abolitionists, with their troublesome questions. A plague upon all reformers! How everlastingly they place red-hot plough-shares in the paths of politicians! What was to be done? The abolitionists were becoming less and less unpopular. It was now pretty well proved, by recent action of the Legislature, that the honest yeomanry of the Commonwealth, in general, heartily approved of their principles, at least. Mr. Everett's party were not in a condition to risk the loss of abolition votes. Had he been left to himself, he probably would have liked to answer, as did a cautious foreigner: "I hold an office, merely—no opinions."

But holding the office was now the very point in question; and his party doubtless deemed that policy required them to take a decided stand.

The following were questions propounded by the abolitionists. 1st. "Are you in favor of the immediate abolition, by law, of slavery in the District of Columbia, and of the slave traffic between the States of this Union?"

2d. "Are you opposed to the admission into the Union of any new States, the constitution and government of which tolerate domestic slavery?"

MR. EVERETT'S ANSWER.

WATERTOWN, Oct. 24th, 1839.

"*Dear Sir*—On Saturday last I duly received your letter of the 18th, propounding to me certain interrogatories, and earnestly requesting an early answer.

You are aware that several resolves, on the subject of those inquiries and other kindred topics, accompanied by a very able Report, was introduced into the Senate of this Commonwealth, the year before last, by a joint Committee of the two houses, of which the late lamented Mr. Alvord was Chairman. Those resolves, after being somewhat enlarged by amendment, were adopted by the legislature.

They appear to me to cover the whole ground of your two interrogatories. Having cheerfully co-operated in the passage of these resolves, and concurring in the general reasoning by which they were sustained, in the powerful Report of the Chairman of the Committee, I respond to both of your inquiries in the affirmative.

The first of the three subjects embraced in your inquiry, is the only one of them which came before Congress, while I was a member. I voted in the negative on a motion to lay upon the table the petition of the Anti-Slavery Society for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; and on the motions of like character,

intended to cast off the consideration of this class of petitions.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Hon. Nathaniel B. Borden."

Little did Mr. Everett think, when he wrote this cool letter of State, that it would hereafter be the ground of his being rejected as Ambassador to England! It is far enough from evincing any enthusiastic disposition to "shoulder a musket" in defence of abolition principles; yet this constitutes the whole front of his offending toward the South! Unless indeed our kind masters should find somewhat objectionable in the following burst of freedom, which unguardedly escaped from his New-England lips, in an address delivered at Bloody Brook, in commemoration of King Philip. Alluding to the slavery of Phillip's wife and son, he exclaims, "An Indian Princess and her child sold from the cool breezes of Mount Hope, from the wild freedom of a New-England forest, to gasp under the lash, beneath the blazing sun of the tropics! Bitter as death; aye, bitter as hell! Is there any thing, I do not say in the range of humanity—is there anything animated, that would not struggle against this?"

In excuse for this outpouring, we would humbly remind our masters that the slavery here alluded to was in the *British West-Indies*. No allusion is made to America. Everybody knows, of course, that the *English* are tyrants and hypocrites; and *they* know, (for it is written in their own laws) that in *this* merciful country no slave can be killed, "except by *moderate* correction."

The Northern press has been so quiet under the manifold indignities of the South, that I have long been doubtful whether *any* amount of kicking and cuffing would rouse the slumbering spirit of '76, so that the old fire would again gleam through its ashes. The rejection of Mr. Everett's nomination has kindled something that at least resembles honest indignation.

Stone, of the New-York Commercial, says:

"It is no longer a secret that opposition has arisen to the nomination of Hon. Edward Everett as Minister to England; to Gen. James Wilson, as surveyor general of Iowa; and to the Hon. Joel Eastman, of New-Hampshire, for a local office in that State, on the ground of the abstract opinions entertained by those gentlemen, or supposed to be entertained, touching the institution of slavery.

"We have no idea ourselves of interfering or of encouraging others to interfere with the rights of the southern States, in regard to those peculiar institutions respecting which they are so sensitive, and the *enjoyment* of which is guaranteed them by the Constitution. Upon this naked question, public opinion in the free States is sound—a fact of which the South ought long since to have been satisfied.

But let the people of the South, of all parties, pause, be ere they ask more of us, or push us farther. Let them not, because we are ready to support, and even *defend* them in all the rights secured to them by the Constitution, presume further to require that we shall become the *advocates* of slavery. Let them not require of us to believe in the *humanity of slavery*, or in its *advantages as political economists*, or in the *righteousness of the traffic in human flesh*—in the bodies, if not in the souls of men!

Let the people of the South—let their Senators and Representatives in Congress beware, we say, of making such an issue with the North. And we now call upon the Senators of the free States, as one man,—we care not for party upon this question,—at once to take ground upon this issue, if presented in the case of Edward Everett: and, should he be rejected upon the ground indicated, by an unhallowed union between the whig Senators of the South and the opposition,—let the whig Senators from the North see to it that no foreign minister be appointed who is a slaveholder! God forbid that such an issue should be presented; but, if forced upon us, we trust it will be met as FREEMEN ought to meet it."

The Boston Atlas says:

"We have felt a deep sympathy for our Southern brethren, in the unjustifiable attacks that have been made upon them by the Abolitionists. But we now advise their Senators to pause for a moment. If they reject the nomination of Edward Everett, as Minister to England, for any such cause as has been presumed to actuate them, they will create, by that act, more Abolitionists in the North than all the fanatical operations of that inconsiderable and uninfluential party have been able to raise up for years."

The New-York American says:

"The charge against Mr. Everett is utterly false.—The tendency of his public career, from his interpretation in Congress of the Greek word ——— in the Scriptures, to mean "slave," whereas in our common translation it is rendered servant—to his administration as Governor of Massachusetts, having rather more leaning towards slavery than we could quite approve.

But were the facts otherwise, we hold it to be undeniable that no man, in this free country, is to be disqualified, or ostracised, by reason of his private speculative opinions.

We confess, that, gloomy as is the general aspect of our political affairs, we see tenfold more cause of alarm and distrust of the future, in this attempt to override free opinion and free men, than from the loss of bank bills, or land bills, or the overthrow of the Cabinet.—These, all these—great as would be the evil and the inconvenience—are appreciable, and susceptible of remedy and redress, even though such redress be distant and protracted; but, once give effect to the doctrine that appointments to office of trust and honor under the Federal Government are closed to all who will not fall down and do homage to the Dark Spirit of Slavery,—and you annihilate the Government; you convert the whole population of the free States into abolitionists in fact; and in self-defence, compel them to abolish slavery, at any cost."

The New-York Journal of Commerce says:

"Northern men are, one and all, opposed to slavery in the abstract; but with very few exceptions, they proscribe no man because he is a slaveholder; they ask no abridgement of his civil rights, his offices and honors, on that account; and on the other hand, they claim to suffer no political disability themselves, by reason of their general opposition to slavery. Let southern men know and understand, that nothing would give the abolitionits more satisfaction than the rejection of Mr. Everett, for the cause above indicated. It would add immensely to their means of agitation and their materials for mischief."

These are but a few specimens from the press with its million voices. The very organs of politicians, merchants, and manufacturers, which have done most, for years past, to encourage Southern despotism, and prove Northern servility, are now making an outcry about the natural effects of their own proceedings. No wonder the slaveholders think they have mounted a jackass, that will not kick under *any* burden.

In the war of the Revolution, the Southerners generally said "We will furnish *officers*, if the North will furnish *men*;" and the North did furnish men. From the time of our confederation, nearly every measure brought forward in Congress for the benefit of the North has been met by threats of a "dissolution of the Union."—*That* scare-crow has stood so long in the field one would think the birds would perch upon it; but the flapping of an old coat-tail answers to scare crows.

Of the *nine* Presidents of the United States *six* have been slaveholders. Louisiana and Florida have been purchased to furnish them an eternal slave-market.—Millions of money, have been expended in Florida, that they may have no obstacle in the chivalrous task of seizing the wives of Indian chiefs, and the innocent babes of fugitive slave-mothers. They have demanded that the right of petition be surrendered; and it has been done. They have ordered the press to muzzle itself; and have been obeyed. They have violated, in the most brutal manner the rights of peaceful, unoffending Northern citizens, visiting their cities for purposes of business; and legislatures uttered no remonstrance. On the floor of Congress, they have threatened death to any man, who came among them known to disapprove of slavery; and not a voice was found to rebuke them.

We have taken gags into our mouths; we have disgraced ourselves with mobs; we have kept a submissive silence, when they came across the line to massacre our citizens—in a word, we have done their utmost bidding; and what have we gained? Even as might be expected—a tighter curb, a more cutting lash!

Another scene of the old drama is now being played.—Northern democrats are again uniting with Southern aristocracy, and thus upholding (whether they know it or not) the vilest tyranny that ever disgraced the earth.

"We can always govern them," said John Randolph, in his thin, piping tones, and with his peculiar chuckle—"We can always govern the North, sir, by means of her own democracy."

By the fiat of this unholy coalition, Everett and Granger, and everybody suspected of being opposed to slavery, are now to be excluded from office.

They have not yet gone the length of their rope.—Let them pass an edict that no citizen of a *Free State* shall hold office. Thus only can they escape the dangerous infection of early education favorable to freedom.

Let them propound as of old that the South shall furnish all the *officers*, and the North shall furnish all the *men*. The probability is, they would meekly do it, for—"a consideration."

That Mr. Everett is extremely popular, particularly in New-England, has long been well known, and is now abundantly proved by the spontaneous eulogiums of almost every political press not opposed to his party.—Even political opponents would admit that his great intellectual gifts and high cultivation would be a credit to the country he represented. That he has other qualifications for a diplomatic mission, neither friends nor enemies would probably deny. His course on the abolition question shows that he is largely endowed with what the world calls *prudence*, and what reformers are apt to call by a harsher name.

In all probability the objections to his nomination will be removed. Should he be rejected, there will be confusion worse confounded in the whig party.

These things indicate the near approach of a crisis long foreseen, and foretold by Mr. Webster, in private conversation, years ago—viz: that the politicians of this country would ultimately be compelled to file off into two great divisions, the NORTH and the SOUTH. Such must be the inevitable result of our clashing institutions.

L. M. C.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 3.

Oh, these damp, sultry days of August! how oppressive they are to mind and body! The sun staring at you from bright red walls, like the shining face of a heated cook. Strange to say they are *painted* red, blocked off with white compartments, as numerous as Protestant sects, and as lovely in their narrowness. What an expenditure for ugliness and discomfort to the eye! To paint bricks their own color, resembles the great outlay of time and money in theological schools, to enable dismal, arbitrary souls to give an approved image of themselves in their ideas of Deity.

After all, the God *within* us, is the God we really believe in, whatever we may have learned in catechisms or creeds. Hence to some, the divine image presents itself habitually as a dark, solemn shadow, saddening the gladsomeness of earth, like thunder-clouds reflected on the fair mirror of the sea. In the greatest proportion of minds these sentiments are mixed, and therefore two images are reflected, one to be worshipped with love, the other with fear. Hence, in Catholic countries, you meet at one corner of the road frightfully painted hell-fires, into which poor struggling human souls are sinking; and at another, the sweet Madonna, with her eye of pity and her lip of love. Whenever God appears to the eye of faith as terrible in power, and stern in vengeance, the soul craves some form of mediation, and satisfies its want. As the reprobate college-boy trusts to a mother's persuasive love to intercede for him with an angry father, so does the Catholic, terrified with visions of torment, look up trustingly to the "Blessed mother, Virgin mild."

Not lightly, or scornfully, would I speak of any such manifestations of faith; childish as they may appear to the eye of reason. The Jewish dispensation was announced in thunder and lightning; the Christian, by a chorus of love from angel voices. The dark shadow of the one has fearfully thrown itself across the mild radience of the other. Those old superstitious times could not well do otherwise than mix their dim theology with the new-born glorious hope. Well may we rejoice that they could not, by reason of necessity in their own souls, transmit the blessed Idea completely veiled in gloom. Since the Past *will* overlap upon the Present, and therefore Christianity *must* slowly evolve itself from Judaism, let us at least be thankful that,

"From the same grim tower,
The *music* and the *shadow* fell."

Whence came all this digression? It has as little to do with New-York, as a seraph has to do with Banks and Markets. Yet in good truth, it all came from a painted brick wall staring in at my chamber window!—What a strange thing is the human mind! How marvellously is the infinite embodied in the smallest fragment of the finite!

It was ungrateful in me to complain of those walls, for I am more blest in my prospect than most inhabitants of cities; even without allowing for the fact that more than others, I always see much *within* a landscape—"a light and a revealing" every where.

Opposite to me is a little, little, patch of garden, trimly kept, and neatly white-washed. In the absence of rippling brooks and blooming laurel, I am thankful for its marigolds and poppies,

——— "side by side
And at each end a hollyhock,
With an edge of London Pride."

And then between me and the sectarian brick wall, there are, moreover, two beautiful young trees. A Pride of China twisting its arms lovingly within its smaller sister Catalpa. One might almost imagine them two lovely nymphs suddenly transformed to trees in the midst of a graceful, twining dance. I should be half reluctant to cut a cluster of the beautiful crimson seed-vessels, lest I should wound the finger of some Hamadryad,

"Those simple crown-twisters,
Who of one favorite tree, in some sweet spot,
Make home and leave it not."

But I must quit this strain; or you will say the fair, floating Grecian shadow casts itself too obviously over *my* Christianity. Perchance, you will even call me "transcendental;" that being a word of most elastic signification, used to denote every thing that has no name in particular, and does not especially relate to pigs and poultry.

Have patience with me, and I will come straight back from the Ilissus to New-York——thus.

You, too, would worship two little trees and a sunflower, if you had gone with me to the Five Points, the other day. Morally and physically, the breathing air was like an open tomb. How souls or bodies could live there, I could not imagine. If you want to see something worse than Hogarth's Gin Lane, go there in a warm afternoon, when the poor wretches have come to what they call home, and are not yet driven within doors, by darkness and constables. There you will see nearly every form of human misery, every sign of human degradation. The leer of the licentious, the dull sensualism of the drunkard, the sly glance of the thief—oh, it made my heart ache for many a day. I regretted the errand of kindness that drew me there; for it stunned my senses with the amount of evil, and fell upon the strong hopefulness of my character, like a stroke of the palsy.—What a place to ask one's self, "Will the millenium ever come?"

And there were multitudes of children—of little *girls*. Where were their guardian angels? God be praised, the wilfully committed sin alone shuts out their influence; and therefore into the young child's soul they may always enter.

Mournfully, I looked upon these young creatures, as I said within myself, "And *this* is the education society gives her children—the morality of myrmidons, the charity of constables!" Yet in the far-off future, I saw a gleam. For these too Christ has died. For these was the chorus sung over the hills of Judea; and the heavenly music will yet find an echo deep in their hearts.

It is said a spacious pond of sweet, soft water once occupied the place where Five Points stands. It might have furnished half the city with the purifying element; but it was filled up at incredible expense—a million loads of earth being thrown in, before perceiveable progress was made. Now, they have to supply the city with water from a distance, by the prodigious expense of the Croton Water Works.

This is a good illustration of the policy of society toward crime. Thus does it choke up nature, and then seek to protect itself from the result, by the incalculable expense of bolts, bars, gallows, watch-houses, police courts, constables, and "Egyptian tombs," as they call one of the principal prisons here. If viewed only as a *blunder*, Satan might well laugh at the short-sightedness of the world, all the while toiling to build the edifice it thinks it is demolishing. Destroying violence by violence, cunning by cunning, is Sisyphus work, and must be so to the end. Never shall we bring the angels among us, by "setting one devil up to knock another devil down;" as the old woman said, in homely but expressive phrase.

Farewell, yours truly,

L. M. C.

"THEY ARE A STUPID RACE, MADE TO BE SLAVES."

Two slaves in Louisiana were let out by their master, at a considerable distance from his own residence. They were skilful, intelligent mechanics, and of course he obtained high wages for their work. What time remained after their daily allotted tasks were finished, they were allowed to have for themselves; and these precious hours they employed most industriously with the view of purchasing their freedom. When they had accumulated, by patient toil, a sum which they deemed sufficient, they endeavoured to negotiate with their master; but without success. Again they went to work; and after two or three years, were enabled to offer a sum so large, that they felt almost certain it would tempt him to accede to their wishes. But he found them too profitable to be lightly parted with; moreover, whatever they had of property was in reality his. He might, with perfect impunity, have taken all their hard-earned wages, and kept them in slavery still, as thousands of slaveholders had done before him. But whether he doubted their having so much money as they pretended, or whether he was too honorable to steal more than ninety-nine hundredths of their earnings, I know not; at all events, he would not listen to their proposition on any terms.

Finding they could not purchase liberty, they wisely resolved to take it. The enterprise was a perilous one; for through a long line of slave States, they must run the gauntlet of patrols, blood-hounds, lynchers, jail-keepers, and rifles—and if they reached the States called free, they must dodge constables and kidnappers, backed by the glorious Constitution.

They were sufficiently intelligent and well-informed to understand the dangers they would incur, and to devise a most cunning method of avoiding them.

They made themselves acquainted with a white beggar and made him offers large enough to secure his secresy. They dressed him in a handsome suit of clothes, and through his agency purchased a carriage and a fine span of horses. They brought the carriage to an appointed place, stood hat in hand while he entered, and then mounted outside, as footman and groom. Of course no patrol thought of challenging such an equipage; and a white gentleman travelling through the country, attended by his servants, was welcome at all the inns. The obsequiousness of their manners was an admonition to their brethren in bonds. "Yes, massa," and "Certainly, massa," were accompanied with the most profound bows, and spoken in the humblest tones.

The trio arrived in Buffalo unmolested; there the carriage and horses were sold; and the white beggar paid handsomely for consenting to play the gentleman.

The slaves passed over to Victoria's dominions, whence they wrote a very friendly letter to their whilom master, begging that he would feel no uneasiness on their account, as they were most comfortably situated.—L. M. C.

ABBY KELLY.—If any one wishes to know what this faithful friend of the slave is about, let him look, for *one* item, to our Treasurer's Receipts, from time to time. Whose name so often appears there, as a pledge of active exertion in the cause, as hers? Yet this matter of funds is the smallest of her services. She is continually scattering anti-slavery truth, with a diligent, powerful, and untiring zeal. To appreciate her self-denying services, we must remember that she peculiarly loves kindred and home, and the approving smile of friends, yet relinquishes them for conscience sake, to encounter scorn, ridicule, and hatred at every step. God enfold her with his blessing!

TEMPERANCE.—We have received several numbers of the "Olive Plant, and Ladies' Temperate Advocate."—As a general thing, we do not approve of distinct periodicals of any kind for women; believing that reading suited to an educated man is suited to an educated woman; and reading adapted to an uneducated man, is so to an uneducated woman. But this is a well-conducted, sensible, and useful little paper, and receives contributions from some of the best writers. We feel a deep interest in Temperance for its own sake; and because, as Joshua Leavitt says, "Abolition will know how to walk the highway that Temperance casts up."

TOM HUGHES.—We refer to Tales of Oppression, in another column for information concerning this noted slave, who called forth such boisterous triumph from the pro-slavery press, because he chose to return to the South with his master. What will they say now? "A press of editorial matter," or "a press of foreign news," or something of that sort, will doubtless prevent their ever announcing their mistake.

Literary Items.

Blackwood's Magazine for August, was issued last week, with Mrs. Mason's characteristic punctuality. It is rather unusually interesting.

Ruins in Central America.—The Chevalier Frederichsthal, *Attache* of the Austrian Legation, has been exploring Central America. He is said to belong to a noble family, of eminent attainments in science. He travels alone, like the Indians, and encamps with them at night. He has spent nine months in that country; some portion of it among the ruins of cities hitherto untrodden by any white man, even the most recent travellers. He speaks of one colonnade where ten rows of columns are yet standing; four hundred and eighty in all. He had with him a complete Daguerreotype apparatus, which enabled him to take most excellent and accurate impressions of all he saw. The drawings of Stephens and Catherwood, are said to be exceedingly defective and imperfect, in comparison with them. The finishing of these ruined structures, particularly those of Uxmul, are said to indicate very extraordinary perfection of art. Many of the ornaments on the temples signify that their religion was of the most sensual kind.

The invaluable collection of Chevalier Frederichsthal will, hereafter, be given to the public. Austria is likewise said to have in her possession the original MS. and drawings of Cortez, who invaded Mexico. From these two sources it is to be hoped much light may be thrown on the early history of this continent.

Washington Irving's Astoria has been lately republished in France. The *Quotidienne* warmly eulogises all his writings, particularly his life of Columbus; but places him *next* to Cooper in American literature.

Lea and Blanchard have republished, in Philadelphia, "Lives of Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of Italy," by Mrs. Shelly. The biographies commence with Dante, and end with Ugo Foscolo.

A work has been lately published in Germany, entitled "The War of Religion in Germany, or Elizabeth Stuart." It relates the romantic and changing fortunes of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England, and of the Prince Palatine, her devotedly affectionate husband.

Henry R. Schoocraft, who, as agent, has spent more than twenty years among the Indian tribes of the Northwest, and who married a very intelligent and well-educated Indian woman, is preparing for publication the results of his observations upon the manners, habits, and character of the North American tribes.

Anti-Slavery Items.

J. A. COLLINS.—The Committee of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, who were appointed to audit and report upon the accounts of John A. Collins with said society, report, that they have attended to that duty, and find said accounts to be correctly cast and satisfactorily vouched.

The Board have shown their entire confidence in Mr. Collins, by an unanimous vote to re-elect him their general agent.

A BEQUEST.—The Hon. Mr. Dale, of Albany, recently bequeathed $1000 to the Baptist Seminary at Hamilton, New-York. But in consequence of their friendly reception and sympathy with Elder Davis, the notorious slavery champion, he has transferred the gift to the Freewill Baptist Seminary in Rhode Island.

COLORED CITIZENS.—The Connecticut Observer contains some remarks concerning a respectable colored woman, who was refused a seat in the cars at the Meriden depot of the Hartford and New Haven railroad. The editor very rationally inquires,

"When citizens of the South are allowed to put their black slaves on the same seat with us, and do it without even a '*with your leave, sir*,' how is it that we cannot endure to sit by the side of a *free* black man? What offensive quality is imparted by freedom?

EXCOMMUNICATED.—Reverend E. Smith, who has lately been cast off by the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the crime of abolitionism, is drawing large audiences in Pittsburgh, to hear of what he is guilty.

DREADFUL THREAT.—The Concordia Intelligencer, speaking of the late decision in Ohio, founded on the broad basis of common law—that a slave brought into that State, by knowledge or consent of his master, is free the moment he touches the soil—says: "If the citizens of Ohio persist in their flagrant outrages upon the Constitution and our rights, it will be high time for us to prepare for non-intercourse, and a common defence of our property and our firesides."

Query. If the non-intercourse be carried into effect, how much will Ohio gain on the score of *bad debts*?

FINE.—Burnett, of Ohio, charged with trying to prevent officers from arresting a runaway slave, has been fined $100.

SLAVERY IN KENTUCKY.—The Louisville Public Advertiser of the 3d instant, says: "We do believe that were a Convention now called in Kentucky, clothed with plenary power to remodel the Constitution, the free labor advocates would bear the sway, and that provision would be made for the abolition of slavery."

From the Liberator.

ANTI-SLAVERY LAND SALE.

A very eligible *Cottage Lot*, containing about three-fourths of an acre, on Boroughs street, Jamaica Plain, between the meeting-house and the pond; a delightful situation; it being the generous gift of John C. Gore, to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Apply to

FRANCIS JACKSON, or
ELLIS GRAY LORING,
27 *State street.*

BRITISH W. I.—British Guiana and Trinidad are said to be increasing in prosperity, at the expense of the other islands. Their soil is comparatively fresh, while the others, particularly Jamaica, have been worn out more or less by the exhausting system of slave labor. The consequence is an emigration of laborers from the less prosperous islands to the more prosperous ones.

BRAZIL.—The new ministry in Brazil is said to be unfavorable to the abolition of slavery or the slave-trade.

THE SMITH SCHOOL.—This is the highest school for colored pupils in Boston. It is in Belknap street, at present under the care of Mr. Abner Forbes. Its recent annual examination is said to have passed off in a manner very highly creditable to the pupils. The services were enlivened at intervals by music from the Suffolk band, under the direction of Messrs. Holmes & Howard. There was likewise a variety of singing from the pupils, under the direction of Mr. Lowell Mason, the celebrated professor of the Boston Academy. All these things are helping our colored friends to attain their just position in society. God speed all such agencies!

A COMPLIMENT.—A writer from Cuba, speaking of negotiations with England for the emancipation of their slaves, says a large party in the island are in favor of joining the United States; and adds, "I believe the people would unite with the *devil*, if the government should abandon them to the intrigues of Great Britain."

We had supposed that *such* a union was no new thing in Cuba.

"OUR SLAVES ARE OUR BEST FRIENDS."—Some years since, in Beaufort District, South Carolina, the planters were thrown into terrible consternation. The alarm spread far and wide. Patrols were multiplied; a vigorous watch was set over the negroes. Men talked in whispers, and slept upon their arms. Every preparation was made to crush the insurrection in the bud. Time passed—no explosion came—the negroes continued peaceful—men began to be ashamed of their fears, and look into the origin of the fearful rumor. And what was the origin? *A fragment of a northern newspaper, in the cupboard of an old negro, who had brought home some groceries from the store, wrapped up in it!*

A few years ago, there was a tremendous excitement in Charleston about some *English mustard, which happened to be imported wrapped, up in fragments of old newspapers, containing Debates in the British Parliament, concerning emancipation in their West Indies.* They thought they had verily traced out "foreign incendiaries" that time! particularly as some little penny handkerchiefs for children, bearing dangerous lines from Cowper, came packed with English goods nearly at the same time. What an easy, comfortable thing it must be, to be beloved, as they are by their slaves!

LIBERAL DONATION.—John James, of Philadelphia county, we understand, has made a donation of property amounting to about a thousand dollars, to Daniel Neall, James Wood, Eli Dillin and Christopher List, in trust, to appropriate the interest in such manner as they may judge best for the promotion of the anti-slavery cause, and to reserve the principal to obtain, by purchase or otherwise, the liberation of the last slaves which shall remain unemancipated in the United States.

Mr. James is of Irish descent, and related to the liberator, Daniel O'Connell. He has acquired his property by unostentatious and diligent industry.

It is proper to state, that Mr. James' views are favorable to emancipation by purchase; and he conceives that a fund might be raised, on his plan, sufficient to effect the object. Though we do not coincide with him as to the precise mode of operation, we rejoice in being able to mention his bequest, both as an evidence of spreading interest in the cause, and because the income of the fund will be useful in advancing the anti-slavery movement.

He has spent, we believe, some time in slaveholding States, and believes that a conciliatory policy will effect a great change there—and indeed that such change is now rapidly advancing.—*Penn. Freeman.*

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 8th mo. (Aug.) 31.

For the Standard.—Mary B. Macy, Nantucket, $1; Wendell Phillips, Boston, $2; M. D. Gove, Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, $2; Moses Smith, Holden, Mass. $1; subscribers Northborough, Mass. $2; S. J. C. Bartlett, Manchaug, Mass. $1; Coman & Arnold, Thompson, Ct. 50 cts.; Phillips & Adams, Mansfield Centre, Ct. $2; John B. Studley, Hanover, Mass. $2; Henry W. Ridgeway, Crosswicks, N. J. $2; Abigail Goodwin, Salem, N. J. $2; William C. Stone, Watertown, Mass. $12 86; Nathaniel Snow, Cambridgeport, Mass. $1; Joshua Coolidge, jr. Watertown, Mass. $2 44; Nye & Robinson, Putnam, Ohio, $2.—Total, $35 80.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas.*

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged,		$360 00
361 Judith Coffin, Nantucket, Mass.		1 00
362 Lewis Ford, Abington,	"	1 00
363 Thaxter Freeman,	" "	1 00
364 Wendell Phillips, Boston,	"	1 00
365 James P. Oliver, Lynn,	"	1 00
366 Elizabeth Austin, Nantucket,		1 00
367 William Coleman,	" "	1 00
368 Almira Hawkins, West Wrentham, Mass.		1 00
369 Frederick Douglas, New Bedford,	"	1 00
370 S. C. Wheeler, Groton,	"	1 00
371 Jervis Shove, Fall River,	"	1 00
372 Rev. Benjamin T. Peck, Grafton,	"	1 00
373 Daniel J. Paul, Millbury,	"	1 00
374 Tyler Waters,	" "	1 00
375 Samuel Brierly,	" "	1 00
376 Orra Goodell,	" "	1 00
377 Effingham L. Capron, Uxbridge,	"	1 00
378 James Ingalls, Worcester,	"	1 00
379 Francis Woods,	" "	1 00
380 Elijah Kingsbury, Holliston,	"	1 00
381 Timothy Daniels,	" "	1 00
382 Cyrus Houghton,	" "	1 00
383 Eliza A. Houghton,	" "	1 00
384 William Joslyn,	" "	1 00
385 Elizabeth B. Joslyn,	" "	1 00
386 Mary Joslyn,	" "	1 00
387 Sidney Wilder,	" "	1 00
388 Lewis M. Houghton,	" "	1 00
389 John B. Davis,	" "	1 00
390 Luther Sargent,	" "	1 00
391 Eli Phipps,	" "	1 00
392 Rhoda Whiting,	" "	1 00
393 John S. Bussell,	" "	1 00
394 William S. Bacheldor,	" "	1 00
395 Stuantes B. Wilder,	" "	1 00
396 Charles Wilder,	" "	1 00
397 Lovett Fisk,	" "	1 00
398 Rev. L. C. Matlack,	" "	1 00
399 John Bacheldor,	" "	1 00
400 Emeline Bacheldor,	" "	1 00
401 Joseph Partridge,	" "	1 00
402 John Fisk,	" "	1 00
403 Francis F. Fisk,	" "	1 00
404 Betsy Fisk,	" "	1 00
405 B. W. Colburn,	" "	1 00
406 James White,	" "	1 00
407 John Smith,	" "	1 00
408 Ferdinand F. Plento	" "	1 00
409 Timothy Rockwood,	" "	1 00
410 William S. Arnold, Thompson, Conn.		1 00
411 William Coman,	" "	1 00
412 Albert H. Arnold	" "	1 00
413 Sylvester Phelps, Salem, Mass.		1 00
414 Mr. Cash,	" "	1 00
415 Abby O. Williams,	" "	1 00
416 David Merritt	" "	1 00
417 Dea. R.M.Chipman	" "	1 00
418 Andrew Lackey	" "	1 00
419 Daniel Buffum,	" "	1 00
420 John W. Pepper,	" "	1 00
421 John R. Pierce,	" "	1 00
422 S. A. Pierce,	" "	1 00
423 Jonathan Nichols,	" "	1 00
424 Elizabeth R. Nichols	" "	1 00
425 Robert Manning	" "	1 00
426 Philip Chace,	" "	1 00
427 Mary Osgood,	" "	1 00
428 Abigail A. Richardson, Danvers, Mass.		1 00
429 Rufus Wyman,	" "	1 00
430 Hannah Shove,	" "	1 00
431 Susan Parkman,	" "	1 00
432 Mary I. Parkman,	" "	1 00
433 Sarah Parkman,	" "	1 00
434 Susan Parkman, Dover, N. H.		1 00
435 Josiah W. Cook, Cambridgeport, Mass.		1 00
436 P. M. Howard,	" "	1 00
437 Adeline Fuller,	" "	1 00
438 Adam Lewis, Cambridge,	"	1 00
439 S. T. Farwell,	" "	1 00
440 Phineas A. Johnson, Newtown,	"	1 00
441 E. B. Kenrick, Watertown,	"	1 00
442 Dea. Josiah Stone,	" "	1 00
443 William C. Stone,	" "	1 00
444 Delano March,	" "	1 00
445 Alexander Gregg,	" "	1 00
446 Luther Bent,	" "	1 00
447 Thomas Hutchinson, King's Ferry, Cayuga county, N. Y.		1 00
448 Mathias Hutchinson,	" "	1 00
449 Hannah C. Hutchinson,	" "	1 00
450 Benjamin F. Bissel, Springfield, Cayuga county, N. Y.		1 00

☞ *LIFT UP THE LIST.* ☜

DONATIONS.

Received from Joseph Cozzens, Holliston, Mass. 50 cts.; Amos C. Leland, Holliston, Mass. 50 cts.; Anna Green, Holliston, Mass. 50 cts.; Charles B. Wayne, Holliston, 25 cts.; the Fair lately held at Millbury, Mass. $88; from a friend of the slave in Berlin, $5; Lyman Davenport, Willimantic, Ct. $5; Gerrit Smith, Peterboro', N. Y. $20; E. Williams, Salem, Mass. 50 cts.; Philip Chace, Salem, Mass. $4; John Wheatland, Salem, Mass. 50 cts.; Hannah Shove, Danvers, Mass. $2; Susan Henson, Cambridge, Mass. 50 cts.—Total, $126 75.

Omitted, Abby Goodwin, $8; Mary and Sally Ann Conrow, $5—Salem, N. J.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

To Prevent Drowning.—Accidents by drowning are so frequently recorded in the papers, that it is well worth while for every reader to take particular notice of the following direction, which we copy from the Free American:

There is one simple scientific rule, which, if suitably impressed upon the mind, would save life in all ordinary cases. And for want of a knowledge of this rule, very expert swimmers are sometimes drowned, as was one of the Mendians a few days since. The rule is this:—*Clasp your hands behind your back, make your nose the highest point of you body, (or look towards the horizon over your forehead,) and do not stir a muscle, and you will infallibly* FLOAT.

The reason of the rule is obvious. The human body is specifically lighter than water, while the lungs are filled with air. It will sink only where it displaces a weight of water equal to its own weight, and that will have a little less than its own bulk, so that a small portion of the body will remain above the surface. Suppose the body to be kept straight with the spine, it will assume an erect position in the water, and the crown of the head would remain above the surface, if the fluid did not enter by the nose or mouth. All that is necessary to prevent its entering, is to throw the face up, so that the nose shall become the *apex* of the whole mass. It will then float with perfect certainty, without the least exertion. But a hand or a foot must not be thrust above the surface—unless followed by a skillful stroke—for that will cause the nose to sink beneath it.

Murder.—During the night of the 10th inst. says the Natchez Courier, the notorious James Foster waylaid and shot down, by the roadside, an unarmed man, an overseer, named Brown. The brother of Foster was with Brown, (they were riding home together from Natchez,) and made his escape by flight after Brown was shot—his brother, it is supposed, being determined to take his life also. Foster is yet at large.

Pumping a Mayor.—Several firemen in New Orleans, recently amused themselves with playing water upon the Mayor at a fire in that city. Five of them were arrested and held to bail in $4000 for this gross assault and insult.

Affair of Dishonor.—Mr. Belmont, agent for Rothschilds, and Mr. Haywood, of Charleston, S. C. having had some words, and blows too, we believe at Niblo's New-York, not long ago, resorted to the exploded mode of settling the matter by a duel. They went to the renowned Bladensburg, and yesterday morning one of the attendants returned with the news that Mr. Belmont has been shot in the fleshy part of the hip.

Cruelty at Sea.—Captain William K. Latimer, late commander of the U. S. Sloop of War Cyane, has been sentenced by a general Court Martial to five years suspension with loss of pay and rank, for cruelty and tyranny to his crew, of the grossest kind.

Murderous Affray.—A young man named Ferris was killed in Courtland, Ala. a short time since, in an affray with Mr. J. Swope, of that place. Ferris had become bail for his brother, who was charged with robbing Swope, and having heard that Swope had made some offensive remarks, sought a meeting for the purpose of caning him. Pistols were drawn, and after Ferris had discharged two without effect, Swope shot him through the heart.

Highway Robbery.—Daniel Bard, Jr. of this city, was knocked down by a gang of ruffians, on Tuesday night, between 12 and 1 o'clock, in Clark street, stamped upon, and much abused, and robbed of a gold watch and chain, valued at $125, and a memorandum book.—*Boston Courier.*

More Lynching.—A lynching tribunal, consisting of about a hundred individuals, has been lately formed in Arkansaw, and Mississippi, for the purpose of arresting a gang of counterfeiters and horse-thieves. The Lynchers engaged a trading boat, and landed at every place where they expected to fall in with counterfeiters. All who came on board and offered counterfeit money were either shot or drowned. The Vicksburg Sentinel states the number to be 20 or 30. The company is said to be increasing, and still pursuing its violent work.

More Lynching.—We learn from Peoria (Ill.) Register that, a few weeks since, a young man named George Fisher, of Henderson co., was taken out of bed at night by a band of ruffians, and half of his head shaved, his body tarred and feathered, and then, with his hands tied behind him, put into a canoe, and set adrift in the Mississippi river, with a threat that they would kill him if he came ashore. After floating a few miles, Fisher contrived to free his hands and reach the shore. He immediately returned home, and caused some of the ruffians to be apprehended, who, after due examination, were bound over to appear at the next Court—two of them in bonds of $1200 each, the others from $400 to $800 each. The remaining four ruffians made their escape to the Iowa side of the river, and there succeeded in rallying a mob, who came over in a ferry boat and recaptured Fisher.—This was in the middle of the afternoon. Fisher was taken some seventy yards from the road, tied with a chain and rope, and a guard of two men, armed with knives and pistols, placed over him, who told him that if he hallooed, instant death was his portion. Here he remained till dark, when he was taken to the second island above Bloomington, and flogged by four men until his back, legs, and arms were cut into welts. He was then presented with a lie-bill to sign; refusing to do which, he was again put into a canoe, in which was a large stone, and set afloat. He, however, effected a landing a few miles below Burlington.

Another Steamboat Explosion and loss of Life.—The boiler of the steamboat Louisiana exploded on the 13th inst., about fifteen miles above Bayou Sara. Three of the men belonging to the boat were drowned; six persons were scalded, two of whom have since died. There was a company of U. S. troops on board, fifte

Poetry.

LINES TO SISTER AGNES BAILLIE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy, and dashed with tears,
O'er us have glided almost sixty years,
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen,
(By those whose eyes long closed in death have been,)
Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender hare-bell or the purple heather;
No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view,
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew;
And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
In shiny coat were each a wondrous sight.
Then, as we paddled, bare-foot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
Minnows, or spotted paur, with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years;
And yet, through every age, I still can trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning grace,
To woman's early bloom, changing, how soon,
To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
And now, to what thou art in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment, whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore,
In chronicle or legend rare explore;
Or, on the parlor hearth, with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain, with hasty steps, some cottage-door,
On helpful errand to the neighboring poor,—
Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye,
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief, and temper keen,
Well may it please me in life's later scene,
To think what now thou art, and long to me hast been.

'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
Upon the page of printed book,
That thing by me abhorred; and with address
Didst win me from my thoughtless illeness,
When all too old become with bootless haste
In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
At which my dormant fancy first awoke;
And ghosts and witches, in my brain,
Arose in sombre show, a motley train.
This new-found path attempting, proud was I,
Larking approval on thy face to spy,
Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
"What! is this story all thine own invention?"

Then, as advancing through this mortal span,
Our intercourse with the mixed world began,
Thy finer face and sprightlier courtesy,
(A truth that from my youthful vanity
Lay not concealed,) did, for the sisters twain,
Where'er we went, the greater favor gain;
While, but for thee, vexed with its tossing tide,
I, from the busy world, had shrunk aside.
And now, in later years, with better grace,
Thou helpest me still to hold a welcome place
With those whom nearer neighborhood have made
The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

With thee my humors, whether grave or gay,
Or gracious or untoward, have their way.
Silent, if dull—O, precious privilege!
I sit by thee; or if, culled from the page
Of some huge, ponderous tome, which, but thyself,
None e'er had taken from its dusty shelf,
Thou read'st me curious passages, to speed
The winter night, I take it not little heed,
And, thankless, say, "I cannot listen now"—
'Tis no offence; albeit, much I owe
To these, thy nightly offerings of affection,
Drawn from thy ready talent for selection;
For still it seemed, in thee, a natural gift,
The lettered grain from lettered chaff to sift.

By daily use and circumstance endeared,
Things are of value now that once appeared
Of no account, and without notice past,
Which o'er dull life a simple cheering cast;
To hear thy morning steps the stair descending,
Thy voice with other sounds domestic blending;
After each stated nightly absence met,
To see thee by the morning table set,
Pouring from smoky spout the amber stream,
Which sends from saucered cup its fragrant steam;
To see thee cheerly on the threshold stand,
On summer morn, with trowel in thy hand,
For garden-work prepared; in winter's gloom
From thy cold noon-day walk to see thee come,
In furry garment kept, with spattered feet,
And by the fire resume they wonted seat;
Aye, even o'er things like these, soothed age has thrown
A sober charm they did not always own.
As winter hoar-frost makes minutest spray
Of bush or hedge-weed sparkle to the day,
In magnitude and beauty; which bereaved
Of such investment, eye had never perceived.

The change of good and evil to abide,
As partners linked, long have we, side by side,
Our earthly journey held, and who can say
How near the end of our united way?
By nature's course not distant; sad and reft
Will she remain,—the lonely pilgrim left.
If thou art taken first, who can to me
Like sister, friend, and home-companion be?
Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?
And if I should be fated first to leave
This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve,
And he above them all, so truly proved
A friend, and brother, long and justly loved,
There is no living wight, of woman born,
Who then will mourn for me as *thou* wilt mourn.

Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
With sorrow or distress, for ever sharing
The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring,—
Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
An unadorned but not a careless lay.
Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
From tardy love proceeds, though long delayed.
Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,
The latest spoken still are deemed the best:
Few are the measured rhimes I now may write:
These are perhaps, the last I shall indite.

THE PRESS.

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the Press?
By thee, Religion, Liberty, and Laws,
Exert their influence, and advance their cause;
By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell.
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise;
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies;
Like Eden's dread, probationary tree,
Knowledge of Good and Evil is from thee.

Cowper.

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.

Happy suckling! To thee an infinite space is thy cradle.
Grow to a man, and then narrow the universe seems.

German Epigram.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXV.

At an early hour of the afternoon, on the following day, the noble Tecumseh steamboat hove to, beneath the bluff of Natchez. Before the different ceremonies of wooding, getting bread, milk, eggs, butter, chickens, and turkeys aboard, was completed, Whitlaw was seen gaily approaching the landing-place, followed by two of Colonel Dart's negroes, carrying his baggage.

A stunted juniper grows upon the top of a little grassy knob, that rises close behind the handsomely-ranged cords of wood, which stand ever ready for loading, beside the wharf. Within the shelter and shade of this low tree, sat Juno. She silently watched the approach of Whitlaw to the water's edge; and when, after seeing his baggage in, he stepped on board himself, she rose to her feet, as if her business were finished, and she meant to depart. But some few minutes elapsed before the last stragglers arrived, and, during this time, the old woman lingered on the green hill's side, mounting, now and then, by a step at a time, but taken backwards, with her eyes still fixed on the Tecumseh. At length, the paddles began to play, a burst of black smoke covered the retreat of the hissing steam, now sent to do its duty, and the vast fabric glided away from the bank.—Juno waved her bamboo in the air, as if to bid it farewell; then, turning away from the river, she slowly mounted the steep ascent that led to Natchez.

While Whitlaw, in high spirits, and revolving numberless schemes of profit and of pleasure, is borne gaily and rapidly along towards New Orleans, we must retrograde a little, in order to trace old Juno through a few of her manœuvres; that we may be able to comprehend the events to which they ultimately led.

It must be remembered, that the scene at Colonel Dart's breakfast-table, though recorded only in the last chapter, occurred the morning after Juno's first introduction to the reader, when her unexpected appearance at the door of Peggy's hut, put a stop to the outrage about to be perpetrated on the unhappy Phebe.

A few hours, only, before her well-timed entrance there, she had arrived on the deck of a steamboat from New Orleans, which she had just visited, on one of the wild, intriguing schemes, with which she perpetually amused herself, and mystified her master. But upon this occasion, however, it must be confessed that feelings of good-nature and kindness were blended with her master-passion for trickery and influence.

It may be necessary to observe, that Juno's authority among her own race, was, by no means, confined to her five hundred comrades on Paradise Plantation. Her singular education and acquirements, together with her long residence at New Orleans, and the station (the highest among slaves,) that she repeatedly held there, had made her known and reverenced throughout the whole black population. It was, moreover, well known among them, that she was the progenitor of a white and beautiful free race in England; and this gave her a degree of importance in their eyes, which added not a little to her extravagant assumption of dignity, while it certainly tended greatly to console her for all the sorrows and sufferings she had endured.

Besides these traditional claims to respect, Juno, by some means or other, was always well furnished with money. She always lodged herself decently, during her visits to New Orleans; and said nothing to contradict the idea which appeared to prevail among her old associates, that she had, at length, obtained her freedom. She had never found any difficulty, therefore, in keeping up an intercourse with several of the best-informed of the colored population, giving them to understand, that it was of great importance to the well-being of the negroes in her own neighborhood, that all intelligence, in any way connected with their race, should be transmitted to her.

The unchecked license, for wandering where, when, and how she chose, which had long been tacitly accorded, either to her supernatural pretensions, or to her useless age, enabled her to go and to stay, as far and as long, as she liked; and, perhaps, no one on the estate to which she belonged, was more easily persuaded to believe that these wanderings were connected with the behests of some of her æriel acquaintances, than Colonel Dart himself. On this point she did, in truth, "feel him to the top of his bent;" often finding her way to and from New Orleans, and then delivering to him, in the shape of prophecy, all that she had picked up that was likely afterwards to reach him, concerning any riots or evasions among the wretched multitude who groaned in chains within its precincts.

It was in the good-natured hope of bringing together her young favorite, Phebe, and the lover, whose loss she so pathetically mourned, which had induced the old woman to make this last excursion to New Orleans. She had long ago determined to save her *protegee* from the hateful pursuit of Whitlaw, whenever it should appear necessary, by sending him off on a fool's errand, in pursuit of news for his patron; but before she did this, she thought fit to pay a visit to Cæsar, partly to ascertain whether he kept faith towards his early love, as truly as poor Phebe to him, and partly to arrange with him the best mode of setting to work for the purpose of effecting for him a change of masters. She found the poor fellow quite as attached, and as constant, as Phebe described him to be; and ready, on his part, to do whatever his good angel, Juno, directed. Her orders were, that he should give gradual indications of declining health and strength, which would, beyond all doubt, make his master anxious to part with him,—the selling a sick slave being a favorite species of jockeyship among planters; and, meanwhile, it was her intention to inform her own master that his safety depended upon the purchase of a certain sickly slave, named Cæsar, who, if once in his possession, and settled on the property, would, for certain reasons that she was forbidden to mention, prevent any conspiracy from ever touching his life or property.

All this was very cleverly arranged between the old woman and the young lover, on the first day that she made her way into the factory where he was employed; and it is highly probable that her scheme would have answered completely, had not the unfortunate young man, on the day following this visit, been detected in the act of teaching a brother slave to read.

It was but one short instant after this detection, and that a very dangerous one, that Juno found means of speaking to him. She had then uttered the words, "Run!"—"Natchez-way:" a piece of advice which he speedily followed. His actual arrival in the forest, however, was for some time unknown to her, or she would, probably, have been able to afford him a shelter, both more to his taste, and more perfectly secure, than the loft of Frederic Steinmark.

Though thus sadly defeated in her project, of bringing the lovers together as the property of one owner, she persevered in her resolution, of sending Whitlaw off, little doubting that a short residence at New Orleans would cause him to forget the black beauty of Paradise Plantation. How well she succeeded in bringing this about, we have already seen.

No sooner had his confidential clerk left him, than Colonel Dart, more than ever terrified by the predictions of the sable prophetess, summoned three of the white overseers, in whom he thought he could most confide, and promised to give each of them a dollar a night, if they would undertake, in turn, to patrol the negro villages, and the forest adjoining, during the hours of darkness, and bring him tidings in the morning if any movement appeared among the black people.

No sooner had Juno returned from the wharf at Natchez, which she had visited for the satisfaction of knowing with certainty that the confidential clerk had departed, than she heard of this precaution taken by the nervous colonel. It would, for very excellent reasons, have been extremely inconvenient to her, had it been attended to in the manner he expected; but Juno, who knew the conscience of every man and woman on the estate, considerably better than they did themselves, felt tolerably well assured that those trusted and chosen for the watch would content themselves with spreading the alarm, and draw but little upon their downey slumbers, for the protection of the much less certain repose of Colonel Dart. The old woman, amongst many other general conclusions, to which her keen observations had brought her, always took it for granted that a man's tenderness toward himself was in exact proportion to his indifference toward others. When she remarked an overseer more careless than ordinary about the accommodation of the gang under his charge, she felt sure that he was particularly well surrounded with snug comforts at home. If he lightly ordered punishment, or looked on with apathy while it was inflicted, she was convinced that he was well furnished with precautions and consolations for all the aches and pains that flesh is heir to. But if it happened that she marked a fiendish pleasure gleam from the eye, while watching the writhing of the victim under torture, then no shadow of doubt was left upon her mind that a species of self worship, which guarded every avenue to pain, and abandoned every sense to gratification, would be found the only religion——but that carried to fanaticism——which possessed the soul.

It was in consequence of these observations, and the convictions which resulted from them, that Juno felt persuaded there would be little to dread from the watchfulness of the persons selected by Colonel Dart. Nevertheless, in case either of the trio might commission a wife or child to keep watch while he slept, she thought fit to use her influence with the poor Christian people who attended Edward Bligh's Sabbath-night's prayer, to prevent their assembling round him on the following Sunday.

Having taken this precaution, and lain in wait at the place of meeting, in order to announce it to the young preacher, she returned to the lone hut she had been permitted to fabricate for her own especial use, and having carefully secured herself within it, raised a trap-door concealed beneath her bed, and gave liberty to Phebe, who, for the greater part of every day since Whitlaw left her in the charge of Juno, had remained a prisoner in a subterraneous retreat, which, though wonderful, both in size and accommodation, considering how and by whom it was made, nevertheless afforded but a sorry habitation for so long a period. Joyfully and gratefully, however, had Phebe submitted to it; and when Juno announced that her imprisonment was at an end, her first impulse was not to rejoice in her recovered freedom, but to ask if there were no danger that it might throw her again into the power of Whitlaw.

"No, no, deary—no, no," replied the old woman, laughing heartily; "the pretty youth is steaming away towards New Orleans, where, if my prayers are heard, he will be fleeced at a gaming table and shot in a brawl. But, at any rate, my little Phebe, you are clear of him; and if, when he comes back, he should take the same fancy in his head again, why then old Juno will send him scudding off farther and wider still——or never believe her more.

"And Cæsar, Juno?" said Phebe mournfully; "what can your skill do for him? Do you believe he has taken your terrible advice and run away?"

"I hope so—I hope so, girl. Terrible advice!—pretty gratitude that, isn't it now? are you not ashamed to speak to me so?"

"My dear Juno, do not be mad with me for that. Day and night, night and day, since you told me, what can I have been about, think you, but fancying how it was with him?"

"Like enough, dear; I know what that means—I have had something of that sort myself maybe in the days that are gone. But look you, Phebe, you must have trust in me. I wont tell you as I did those idiot cowards at the house, that I and the dicky-birds sit in council together, as to what will next come to pass—ha! ha! ha!—Isn't that glorious? Isn't it worth while to live a slave for three score years, and ten, for the joy of seeing the little Colonel's face pucker, and his bits of eyes stare, and his black teeth chatter, when I hold up my old bamboo, and talk gibberish? ha! ha! ha! ha!—Oh Phebe, that's something!"

"No, Juno, no," replied Phebe, "you will not talk such stuff to me: but if you know——alas! you cannot know any thing about him."

"Know?" said the old woman, musing: "in real truth, Phebe, I sometimes can hardly tell what I know and what I do not. I don't want to bamboozle you, my dear child, God is my witness, any more than I would want to bamboozle my own brain; but I do think now and then that I know things that others don't."

"And no wonder, Juno," replied the girl, with great simplicity; for while other folks work, you look about and listen,—and that's the reason, I expect, that you know so much."

"Partly, partly, Phebe—but that's not quite all, neither. I don't justly know myself how it is; but often and often when I see a thing or hear a thing, I dont stop short at knowing just what that tells me, but, almost without thinking of it, on I go judging what must be after, as if the spirits I tell off, to scare the colonel, were in honest truth, teaching me something that nobody else knows."

"That's very strange," replied Phebe, gravely. "Did you ever tell Master Edward that you had got such a fancy as that, Juno."

"Master Edward?" Juno shook her head, "Master Edward is to good for this wicked world, Phebe, and very very fit for a better. But he is not the man for explaining the meanings of fancies and wild thoughts; for, you need not tell his pretty sister, you know,——but I expect, Phebe, that he has over many wild thoughts and fancies himself."

"Oh Juno! it is a sin to say so!" exclaimed Phebe, indignantly. "If saints did come on earth in these days, for certain sure he would be known for one of them. Why do you speak so, Juno?"

"For no ill will, or misdoubting the goodness of him; but his eye is sometimes over bright, Phebe, and then he is a trifle jealous, I guess, when he fancies that other folks know something he does not. But he is a good and holy man, my child," added Juno in a conciliating tone, for Phebe looked vexed and almost angry; "and don't think that I love you the less, girl, for being ready to quarrel with a new friend out of tender love and duty to an old one. And now as to Cæsar, and what I know of him. I know this much—and I'll just tell you as it comes, Phebe, to show you how it is that my old brain works. I know he loves black Phebe, for I looked in his eyes and all round about his mouth, when he said it. I knew he listened to me as to a friend that could advise him in his need, for he never moved or spoke; but when I had finished my short say, he bowed his head in a way that told me he would obey me. So Cæsar has run away, and is now somewhere in the forest round Natchez, hiding by day, and crawling out by night, to find out, if he can, Paradise Plantation and his Phebe."

"Do you really believe that he is so near us?" cried Phebe, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "Oh Juno! dear Juno! how can we manage to meet him?"

"You have got some faith, then, in the old woman?" said the sibyl laughing. "If you were white, now, and a slaveholder, my girl, I would say to you——

Let me to the forest go,
And listen to the winds that blow;
What seems an idle breeze to thee
Would utter precious truth to me!

Ha! ha! ha!—Oh, Phebe, it is such a glory to see how a crippled old negro slave like me can make folk's hair stand on end by stuff like that!—But as you, deary, are a black girl, and neither wicked nor a fool, I will tell you just plainly what I will do, and why. Wherever Cæsar is, he must lie hid by day—that we know over-well, Phebe: but wherever he is, be sure he will creep out by night,—and be sure, too, it will be round and round just without our cleared grounds he'll be hovering; for I told him the first time I spoke to him, whereabouts we lay. Now he dare not come in, and you dare not go out; but I thanks to my wrinkles and my rhymes, may go and come too, as I will. So you shall go home to your mother, and set her poor heart at rest, my good child; and I will prowl night by night in the forest, with store of corn cakes in my pouch,——poor fellow, he must want food sadly; and I'll wager my brain against the Colonel's, we shall have him here in three days."

Phebe looked very much as if, good Christian as she was, she could have fallen on her knees to do homage before the witch-like figure of Juno; but checking the impulse, she contented herself by throwing her arms round the old woman, and giving her a most cordial hug.

"And may I go now, Juno? broad daylight 'tis, almost,—may I go now, do you think, straight away and across the grounds, and in front of two overseers' lodges, and away home to mother's, without being stopped and questioned?"

"And well, deary, if you are stopped and questioned, where's the harm? They'll say, maybe, whether black or white, 'Where do you come from?' and you shall tell no lie, my child,—you shall just say, 'Those that locked me up have let me out'—and that's all. Now go, deary."

"But if you find him, Juno?"

"Why then I'll find you too, Phebe; I may send a green bird after you; they are Juno's spirits you know,——ha! ha! ha! Don't be afraid my girl: when Ceasar and I are together, you two shall not be long asunder."

With this assurance, Phebe left her, with a heart as light as any girl's could be, who was hoping for a speedy meeting with her lover, and yet fearing that it might cost him dear, or that it might never, never be at all.

Juno's predictions respecting what was likely to befall her on her way were as litterally verified as if they had indeed been uttered under the immediate inspiration of prophecy. About a quarter of a mile from the sequestered nook in which the sibyl's hut was sheltered, and just as she entered the first open field, she was met by Johnson, the fellow who attended Whitlaw at his last fearful visit. Her blood ran cold at the sight of him.

"Soh, Miss Lily!" he exclaimed, "here you are abroad again! Pray, may I be so bold as to ask where you come from?"

"Those that locked me up have let me out," responded Phebe.

He now laughed, snapped his fingers at her, and and passed on, saying with a sneer, "You were in a terrible taking, you black smut! much you had to fear, to be sure!"

Phebe pressed her clasped hands upon her heart, and thanked God.

The same question and the same answer were repeated three times during her walk; but she reached her mother's hut in perfect safety, and the meeting that followed seemed to atone for all she had suffered. Peggy and the two little girls clung to her with such rapturous fondness, that sorrow, slavery, insults, and stripes were all forgotten, and in the happiness of being reunited they forgot that they wanted any other.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Having dismissed the guest whose concealment had cost her much anxiety for several days past, Juno laid herself upon her bed of straw, determined, after her first nap should be over, to betake herself to the forest and wander about, with the noiseless step that was so peculiar to her, in the hope of coming across the path of Cæsar. She did this for two nights in vain, but the third was more propitious; for scarcely had had she got clear of the grounds, before she descried the object of her search, though she had nothing but the star-light to help her; and he too was playing bo-peep from behind a mass of tangled bushes, with a movement as noiseless as her own. It really seemed to be an instinct that led the old woman to stop short before this identical bush, and which also made Cæsar protrude his black knob and stare at her, instead of keeping close behind the covert.

Few words sufficed to bring them to a clear understanding. Juno glided like a black ghost in and out though the thick underwood, and Cæsar followed, with as little noise and bustle as a shadow makes in leaping a five barred gate after its owner. When she had arrived within her citadel, and all access to it was duly bolted and barred, Juno asked her new guest if he were not dying with hunger, which supposition still haunted her; though the alertness of Cæsar's motions had given such good demonstration that his powers of walking were not diminished, that she had not thought it necessary to stop and offer him the provender she carried, till they were beneath the shelter of her roof.

As a reply to this kind and hospitable question, Cæsar produced from various parts of his dress, about three pounds of very solid beef-stake, a jar full of cold hommony, half of a very respectable loaf, and a most comfortable little flask of whiskey.

"Oh Cæsar! Cæsar!" cried the old woman in a voice of deep concern, "has hunger brought you to this! What will our Phebe say? She'd have died of starvation outright, Cæsar, before she'd have demeaned herself to do such a deed."

Why, mother!" replied Cæsar, laughing heartily, and shewing his magnificent teeth from ear to ear, "What do you think I have done? walked into a public, and helped myself without paying for it, I expect? But I mus'nt be angry with you, 'cause you're Phebe's best friend. However I haven't been thieving mother; and what's more, I'm hardly the least bit hungry; so if you are, eat away, and welcome."

A few minute's conversation explained the mystery to Juno, and she was fain to confess that it was one quite beyond her guessing.

"And is this the first time, you have crept out, my poor lad? How weary you must be!"

"The first time, mother? I expect not. Oh dear! Oh dear! what would have become of me, if I had never once stretched my poor legs since first I took to skulking! No, no, mother, it has not been so bad as that with me, neither, for I have walked about this here forest the best part of every night, and always contrived to be safe again in my loft, before the good beyond-sea gentleman came to look for me."

But, Cæsar, what for do you walk about the woods with such a sight of provision? why, you might walk all night and do nothing but eat, and yet have enough for breakfast in the morning."

Cæsar's gay spirit laughed aloud at the notion of his having provided such an occupation for himself during his nocturnal rambles; but the minute after, he sighed, and answered very sentimentally, "No, mother! It was not to be after eating beefsteaks every step I go, that I left the gentlemen's lumber-loft: it was to be looking for my poor Phebe—my beautiful Phebe! Isn't she a beauty, mother? and didn't I ought to love her? No, no, I never stirred out one of the nights without carrying with me the next day's food, that the good master always brought to me soon after dark—because,—but I am afraid I am a fool—because I thought, mother, that if by hap I found Phebe, we might run off to the woods together, and that I might hide her, and leave her with a good supper, breakfast, and dinner, you see, and then get back to my loft, and come to her again next night."

Juno looked at him very sternly, as he explained this scheme to her, and then said,

"You talk of loving Phebe, you, Master Cæsar! I'll tell you what, my lad—you're no more worthy of being Phebe's lover, than I am to be queen of the world. She run away into the woods, and lie munching beefsteaks in a hole, till you came back again to bring her more! Fie, fie, fie, Master Cæsar! If I'd fancied you'd been that sort of chap, you might have walked eastward before sunrise for me—I never would have stopped you."

"Oh, mother! mother!" cried the poor fellow, wringing his hands, "don't be so cruel hard upon me! I never did, nor I never will, do anything unworthy of Phebe. Don't I know her education?—and don't I look upon her to be something higher and better than a poor black mortal like me?—only I am so in love, mother, you see that, I couldn't for the life of me keep nonsense out of my head."

"Well, well," said Juno, considerably softened by this apology, "I must not quarrel with true love, I suppose, let it speak ever so wild; and to say the truth, it dont very much matter, Master Cæsar, how wild you speak, for Phebe will just do what's right, and nothing else, that you may 'pend upon."

"And where is she all this time?" cried Cæsar, bursting out into a sort of renewed ecstacy,—"where is she?—when may I look upon her?"

Juno opened the door of her hut and looked up on the bright stars. "It is past midnight," said she, "but there's time for me to go and come, I expect, before dangers awake. Our head devil's away to Orleans, Cæsar, and that makes us bold. So if you will sit quiet in that corner, and eat your own supper like an honest man, without stowing away any of it in hopes to entice Phebe into the woods, I'll go and bring her to you."

"Go, mother!" cried the delighted negro. "Oh! that ever I should live to see this hour!"

"You wont live, Master Cæsar, to see many more, if you make such outeries as that," said the old woman, preparing to depart. But stepping back she added, "Now look you, my lad, this hut is off the grounds a good half mile, and it belongs to me and nobody else; so 'tis but rarely in the broadest sunshine of mid-day that any eyes but my own look within it: for many count that I am a witch, Cæsar; but you are a Christian, and it is not a witch that can scare you. Little danger, therefore, is there that human eyes, and those simple ones, should come to peep into it by night—so I expect you're safe enough. But 'tis better sometimes to make sure, surer; so look you here, Cæsar." Juno approached her bed, and pushing it aside, lifted the trap-door, and with a look and attitude sufficiently witch-like to have made some hearts, stout enough on ordinary occasions, tremble not a little, she pointed to the excavated chamber beneath. This hole, for it was but little better, was curiously and very ingeniously ventilated by a sort of chimney that rose behind the hut to the level of the ground outside, but sufficiently screened by briars and brambles to escape ten thousand times more observation than was ever likely to fall upon it. This chimney permitted a light placed on a low stool near it to burn clearly, and by its aid the whole of the excavation was made visible.

"Here's my witchcraft, Cæsar," said Juno, in a chuckling tone, in which triumph and fun were blended, "I have saved the lives of six runaways here, already, since I have been on the estate; and I may chance to save some more yet, spite of the confidential clerk. If you hear a noise, my lad, that does not begin like this,"—and Juno whistled through the hole in her bamboo,—"then dip down here and pull the cord after you, and then you'll be as safe as the colonel himself—and perhaps a bit safer."

"Cæsar looked at her and her masterly arrangement with astonishment, then grinned applause, nodded his head, and instantly dipped into the abyss before her eyes, proving that he both understood and could practise her instructions.

Old Juno made her way to the hut of Peggy in about half the time that would have been allowed her by the most accomplished sporting eye in the world. In truth, this singular power of getting over the ground by a sort of complex movement, which it would be impossible to describe, was by no means the least important support of her supernatural pretensions. A negro hut ever opens with a latch; for all intruders who could annoy the helpless inmates would find a way to achieve an entrance where the door fastened with bars as heavy as those of Ham. Juno found no difficulty, therefore, in approaching the bed where Phebe and her mother slept.

"Phebe!" said the old woman, softly.

"You have found him, Juno!" exclaimed the poor girl, springing out of her bed. "Mother! mother! wake! I am going to see Cæsar!"

Peggy, who had worked hard and slept heavily, not having that restless fluttering at the heart which had kept Phebe waking during nearly the whole of the last nights, had some difficulty in fully understanding what was going forward, but when at length it was made clear to her that Cæsar was actually concealed on or near Paradise Plantation, her anxiety clearly proved that she already considered him as a very dear and precious son.

"Oh Lor! oh Lor!" exclaimed the poor soul, in a real agony. "Juno! isn't this fool hardy boldness? Think of the dear creature, Cæsar, in the hands of the 'dential clerk!"

"He'd better be in the hands of the devil, Peggy, that's a fact—for maybe salvation might fetch him back, there—but for certain sure, mercy would never reach him in the clutches of that other and worse demon. However, don't be after scaring the girl with such fancies, when I want to have her steady and reasonable beyond common. Cæsar is as safe I tell you as the President:—so come, Phebe, dear; never mind looking smart, girl—though that's all in nature; but we have no more than time enough; come along!"

"And may'nt I see dear Cæsar, too, Juno?" said the affectionate Peggy, very pitcously.

"And Becky, too—and Sally, I suppose!" replied old Juno, crossly. "No, you can't, Peggy; one ought to be three witches in one, to carry off such jobs as you would put one on. Sit still, and say nothing to nobody. Come along, Phebe."

In stealthy silence, and keeping cautiously distant from every building, the old woman and her agitated young companion gained, at length, the place of meeting. Juno stopped before the hut, and whistled. In an instant, the door flew open, and the weeping Phebe was clasped in the arms of her lover.

"In, in, foolish children!" cried their protecting genius. "It's well that the bullfrogs and the katydids can tell no tales."

If true affection could suffice to make two creatures happy, though surrounded by danger, and threatened with tortures and death, Cæsar and Phebe must have enjoyed the boon; for their attachment to each other was very strong; and for a few moments, perhaps, they tasted an unmixed joy. But there is something in the condition of a slave, that, beyond every other, marked by human misery, defies the power of hope to gild its future; and herein, perhaps, lies, though it sounds like a paradox, the secret of those light smiles, and all that careless merriment, of which we are told by those who would defend the abomination. It is only when it is possible that some change may alter our condition, that we feel either anxious or hopeful about it. King David fasted and wept, while his spirit was suspended between hope and fear; but when all was over—when all hope had fled, he arrayed himself and feasted. A negro slave has no hope for the future; he, therefore, gives himself to the careless merriment of the present, whenever it greets him; forgetful, perhaps, for the moment, of the labor and the lash that awaits him with the morrow's sun; but as far removed in his laughter from any feeling that deserves the name of human happiness, as the morris-dancer, who cuts a caper on the mountebank's stage.

After the first few moments, during which nothing was remembered by either, but that they were once more together, the sense of Cæsar's danger came back to the mind of Phebe, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, Phebe! Phebe!" exclaimed the unhappy young man, "don't turn so soon from joy to sorrow! Think what a dear blessing it is to look in one another's face—and don't cry, Phebe, till we are forced to part. And how do they treat my pretty Phebe? Tell me all—tell me all, Phebe," he repeated, while his voice trembled as he asked the question.

"They don't give her the lash, Juno?—Surely no master could order the lash to Phebe?"

"No, my dear Cæsar—I have escaped well as yet; don't think of me—think only of yourself."

"Oh, Juno! dear, dear Juno! what is to become of him?" said Phebe, vainly endeavoring to check her tears.

"And that's what I must work my old brain to find out. 'Tis no easy job, that's a fact, children; but maybe I'll contrive something for him, for all that; so dry up your tears, deary, and forget all about it for to-night."

Another trembling half-hour was spent in asking and answering questions concerning their respective situations, since they were torn asunder; and then the old woman interfered, with the unwelcome tidings that they must part. The poor souls acknowledged it, and declared that she was quite right, and that they would go directly; but still another, and another word succeeded, till Juno lost all patience, and finally protested that they should never meet again, in her hut, if they lingered another moment.

This threat produced the desired effect; poor Phebe impressed a hasty kiss on Cæsar's forehead, and was out of sight in a moment.

"And you have got to steal to your roost at Reichland?" said the old woman, addressing the disconsolate lover; "and that, before any of the German people are about? You might as safely march into Congress, and say you wont be a slave. Just look eastward, Master Cæsar, that's all; just listen to the twittering of the birds,—they are not such fools as you,—they know their time, if you don't; and they tell you, as loud as they can speak, that it's morning, morning, morning, and that it will be broad daylight in less than an hour; and so, to pay you for your kissing and your jabbering, you must just slip down again into my strong box. There! take your provender with ye, and bide still till I call you."

Infinitely too unhappy to discuss the possibility of his getting back to Reichland, and pretty nearly indifferent as to what might next befall him, Cæsar uttered not a word, but meekly obeying her commands, let himself down into the recess, which was speedily covered by the trap-door. Another moment sufficed to replace the little bed in its usual position; and so proudly satisfied was Juno with the security of her guest, that she would, probably, have seen one of their task-masters enter her dwelling, with more of triumph and satisfaction, than of alarm.

PENN'S MANSION.

In Second street, at the corner of Norris' Alley, opposite the Pennsylvania Bank, stands the old mansion of this venerated benefactor of our city. It ought to be reverenced by us as the people of England reverence the houses of Milton and Shakspeare. In this age of improvement, it is quite a marvel this edifice should have escaped the innovation thus long. But there it stands in its primitive condition, two stories in height, with projecting wings, the front originally receding to form a court-yard. In these later days this has been filled up with a wooden structure, but yet the external form of the old mansion is distinctly retained. The same old chimnies and windows upon the roof are there, and in this humble but degenerated building were formed Penn's conception of the greatness of this Republic, and the hopes and fears which agitated him while acting as Governor of Pennsylvania.

Wm. Penn occupied it in 1700, and three years afterwards it was sold for 850 pounds, to Wm. Trent, the founder of Trenton. It originally stood alone, with spacious grounds in the rear, extending to Front street. In its palmy days, it was considered a mansion of more than ordinary extent and elegance. After Penn left the house and returned to England, it became the residence of Gov. Logan, and was often the place of great entertainments for distinguished guests of the colonial officers. Subsequently it became a fashionable and elegant boarding house, and Governor Hamilton resided there some years prior to the Revolution. Gov. Forbes, successor to Braddock, died there in 1759. His funeral from this house was one of great splendor and military magnificence, such a one as the primitive settlers had never before beheld. In 1764, "Widow Graydon" opened the house, and it became the resort of all the aristocracy of the day; especially did the British officers most frequent it. John Adams lodged there, and during the sitting of the Continental Congress, the "State house," as it was called, gave entertainments to numerous illustrious personages.

The present appearance of the building is ancient and even dilapidated, but in its early days it was doubtless an imposing residence. Where Wm. Penn and the colonial aristocracy slept and banqueted, and where some of the most illustrious men of the age once held sweet counsel together, is now merchandize and lumber, and even the smith's forge and hammer is heard. Its interior bears still some resemblance to what it once did. Yet the occupations of the present inhabitants are so opposite to those of other days, it is difficult to imagine the former aspect of its chambers and its banqueting rooms. How changed too the inhabitants of the humble dwelling! How unlike the costumes and manners and pursuits of these days, compared with those primitive ones of our ancestors!—*North American.*

PASSENGERS BY THE WILLIAM BROWN—THE MEETING.—We have stated already that six females, rescued from the "William Brown," had arrived at Germantown, their place of destination in this neighborhood. We are told that one of the company was not of the family that had come to make their home in Germantown. She was a young woman whose mother, fourteen years before, had come from Scotland to this country, and the daughter thought she had only to come to America to find her parent.—Their common sufferings had attached her to the other five females, and they took up their abode in Germantown; the young woman ascertaining very soon that she was not likely to find her mother quite as readily as she had supposed, she accordingly looked about for work to earn a living. Shortly after her arrival, she was visited, among many others, by an elderly lady from Manyunk, who came to inquire after the rescued sufferers generally, and to hear more particulars of those who were lost with the ship and from the boat. Having heard the oft-repeated story, the old lady ventured to make one particular inquiry:

"Was Mary ——, on board the William Brown?"

"Yes, she was."

The next question dropped tremulously from her lips:

"Was she saved?"

"Yes: I am she."

"My child!" exclaimed the mother.

And so the old lady supplied her daughter with a home, which she was about to seek among strangers.

MAMMOTH NEWSPAPERS.—The rage for publishing mammoth sheets is thus humorously hit off by the Albany Microscope:

PROPOSALS!—We purpose, in a few days, to issue a newspaper from this office of sufficient dimensions to serve for an awning for the whole United States! It will contain 17,000,000 columns of reading matter, with "picters to match," being a column and a picture for every man woman, and child in this great republic! It will contain nearly every word in the English language, besides German works for the Dutch of Philadelphia and the West! French works for the Monsieurs, Madames, and Mademoiselles of New Orleans and other places! Tales and and Sketches in other languages, alive and dead, to suit all tastes and capacities; besides literary notices, advertisements of Pease's candy, editorials, foreign news, notices to correspondents, puffs of all sorts, original poetry written three thousand years ago, "weekly gossip," lists of new subscribers expecting to take our paper at some future time, our success, mutton market, deaths, murders, marriages, duels, births, &c. &c.

This vast sheet will be issued some time in the present month. We have agents in all parts of the States, from Maine to Georgia, engaged in driving down stakes to hang it on! It will be visible in every part of the Union, and those who will pay us the sum of sixpence will be able to read it with great ease!

N. B. It will be invisible to those who don't pay. It will be called "*The Earth's Sheet and Sun Eclipser.*"

A CHINESE MAP OF THE WORLD.—A tolerable idea of the advanced state of Chinese geography, may be gathered from a glance at a map of the world produced by them. It is two feet wide by three and a half high, and is almost covered with China! In the left hand corner, at the top, is a sea three inches square, in which are delineated, as islands, and of very small size, *Europe*, England, France. Holland, Portugal, and Africa! Holland is as large as all the rest, and Africa is not as big as the top of one's little finger. The northern frontier is Russia, very large. How it must astonish the Celestials to find that they are obliged to bow to the power of one of these small islands.

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